THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 20. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HIS CLOSING SPECECH.

'ull Text of Mr. Gladstone's Last Argument in Favor of Irish Home Rule.

The Irish People, the Old Man Says, Must Not Be "Depressed Below the Common Standard of Civilization."

As a matter of historic interest, and as embodying the English Liberal view of how the Irish question should be solved, THE CITIZEN thinks it only proper to present to its readers this week, Gladstone's closing speech on the second reading of the Home Rule bill:

Mr. Gladstone rose at ten minutes to twelve, amid cheers loud and long. He said the right honorable gentleman had followed a not uncommon course in his position, boldly declaring the arguments on his side many and good, those against him few and bad; the answers for the government side weak and worthless, his own sound and powerful. Precisely the same disparaging opinions did the government entertain of their opponent's attack. (Cheers.) He summed up in four short phrases sufficiently expressive a description of the copious questions of the mass of matter offered in opposition to the bill—bold assertion, persistent exaggeration, constant misconstruction and copious, arbitrary and baseless prophecies. (Cheers.) On the first an example was furnished in the statement that Ireland would be subjected to a system of duplication of finance unprecedented and intolerable. The late chancellor of the exchequer was the father of financial duplication by his system of imperial and local exchequers. (Hear, hear.) He had hoped for a voluntary apology from the right honorable gentleman for his groundless statements on the financial point, but an opportunity would offer later for returning to that subject. Among other difficulties the Union had left an inheritance of complicated financial arrangements, but there was no difficulty to abash or terrify men with a great object in view who did not intend to be impeded by secondary obstacles. (Hear, hear.) Persistent exaggeration was illustrated by the statement in reference to the 1,500,000 Protestants of Ireland. Well, there was no statistical authoritative record of the half million of men who marched over the flags of Belfast. (Laughter.) But there were official records showing that the Protestants of Ireland were not one and a half millions, but 1,100,000. (Cheers.) The supremacy provided for in the bill was said to be worthless; but he contended that the supremacy was for the first time in the last ninety years a supremacy founded upon right as well as backed by power. (Nationalist and ministerial cheers.) The honorable member for Waterford had declared not only that the supremacy was in its own character inalienable, but one that ought to be brought into action in the event, which he believed to be improbable, of the commission of probable injustice to Ireland. With regard to the arbitrary, wilful, baseless prophecies, he would not detain them with particular illnstrations. His illustration was the whole stock-in-trade of honorable members opposite; and as to the speech of Mr. Chamberlain, it might have been said to have contained nothing else. (Ministerial cheers.) On account of the lateness of the hour and other circumstances he was compelled to refrain from referring to many matters he should have wished seriously to have discussed. An appeal made to him with regard to the land question, compelled him to say that in his opinion the government had made ample provision for the redemption of all their pledges with respect to it. They proposed to secure to parliament ample time for taking whatever measures it might think impressed upon it by duty, honor and equity with respect to Irish land. If the government had not attempted to couple together a Home Rule and a Land bill it was because they knew it would have been a suicidal act, as it would have involved an undertaking not only difficult, but with respect to simultaneous action, totally and absolutely impossible. When he touched upon the Land League he should have in honesty and honor to make the admission that without the Land League the Land Act of 1881 would not have at this moment stood on the statute book; and without this act, he asked, what at this moment would be the condition of Ireland? What were they going to vote upon, and what was the issue? It was this: How was Ireland to be governed? They were all agreed in thinking that Ireland ought not to be governed—to use a homely phrase—from hand to mouth. How could they hope in these days and with the great progress already made to govern Ireland against the fixed conviction of the great mass of the nation. Lord Salisbury had failed in Ireland, and he gave his reasons and suggested his remedy. He said, "Give me twenty years of resolute government," which they knew was a euphemism for coercion. What had become of this nostrum? Was there anyone among them that believed that the oldest among them, or their children, would ever see another majority of 120 returned in order to withhold from Ireland the government she desired? At any rate, this could not be denied, that Ireland was against them, that Scotland and Wales were against them, and that England, which several years ago was so enormously in their favor had parted with two-thirds of the majority (cheers), and had raised some presumption not over favorable as to what would become of the other third. (Loud cheers.) Did they want to start with another twenty years of resolute government, and, if they had the necessary majority, what was their security that it would not break down again? (Cheers.) This was a subject which was constantly avoided by speakers opposite who did not venture to renew the scheme of Lord Salisbury. They had a policy (cheers), and they prided themselves, as they thought, upon reason and experience in recommending it. It is said that it did not absolutely correspond with any of the political arrangements of the world, yet he believed that on a moderate estimate there were 1,400,000,000 people in the world, and physiognomists and men of science told them there were not two of those faces alike. And when he heard honorable gentlemen say, when he pointed to instance after instance of concession of Home Rule where there had been even partial or total success that the circumstances were not alike, he answered that faces were not alike. (Cheers.) And yet there were characteristics of human faces and features in which those who studied them found one basis and analogy, which constituted their guide. (Hear, hear.) There had been an evasion of discussion of this subject, and the only exception was Mr. Austin Chamberlai. With reference to that speech, he would not enter upon a lengthy eulogy, but must say that it was one which must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart. (General cheers.) The honorable gentleman drew a picture of two men in business, each drawing and signing their own form of agreement and yet saying that they were agreed. Now, that would be a beautiful illustration if it were not the very reverse of the fact. For so far from their having signed a form of agreement which had not been accepted, and had not been met by the Nationalist members for Ireland, he said deliberately that their declaration had been much the reverse. While he was convinced they were entirely agreed in substance, they had also gone beyond their (the Liberal) terms. There had been five typical speeches, the speeches of the honorable member for North Kerry, North Longford, South Longford, Northeast Cork and Waterford, and not one fell short of what they (the Liberals) had even declared, as in their opinion, necessary for the acceptance of the bill. They looked forward to a tolerable, real, solid settlement. As to futurity, even the word was not eschewed by the generous answers of the member for North Longford. What said the honorable member for Kerry last night? He said: "This bill would end the feud of ages." Exactly what they wanted. That was what he called acceptance by the Irish members. It was not given to them to see so far into futurity as to pronounce dogmatically what law it was that would stand without further change or development in some of its parts through pressure of time and vicissitudes. What they meant by this bill was to close and to bury the controversy of seven hundred years (ministerial cheers)—to allow the nations to meet upon a footing of genuine political equality, and not the pretended equality of the Union. Foul and polluted, in the language of the right honorable gentleman, as the stream of Irish politics has been, the whole of that is now washed away in the waters of oblivion. Hope has taken the place of grudges and painful recollections, and with hope reasonable confidence. (Cheers.) He thought he ought to refer particularly to the speech of the honorable gentleman the member for Waterford, and for this plain reason that he was regarded as representatting the left wing of the Irish party. He listened with great care to that speech, and he was not sure that there was a single proposition which the honorable gentleman stated so palpably and so clearly where he involved a principle in which he (Mr. Gladstone) would not have been able to say aye to his declaration. The honorable member did not found the claims of Ireland only, or even mainly, upon grievances. As far as he understood the claim of Irelahd, the grievances might be stated very shortly in these few words. It was, first: That the work of practical Irish legislation never had been nor could be, under the conditions of our present political life, efficiently carried forward in this house. The other, that Ireland is laden with what must be called, in a large degree, an anti-national executive. The right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, said he did not complain of the people of Ireland. His objection was to the representatives. Were those gentlemen not the representatives of the vast majority of the Irish population? How came they there? (Ministerial cheers.) Ireland had accepted this plan, and her loyal acceptance was not only distrusted but disbelieved. If the Opposition were not satisfied about the land they had time and opportunity in which to make provision for the land, which should be legal. He could not conceive that the distrust of Irishmen was warranted. (Ministerial cheers.) It amounted to this, that the Irish people were to be deliberately and by this parliament depressed below the standard level of civilized mankind. (Ministerial cheers.) We had made it our mission—and he rejoiced to think our glorious mission—to give freedom, as far as we were able, throughout the world. We had given it long ago, and without repentance, to the ordinary members of our nation wherever they were settled. We had given free institutions to our colonies with the happiest results. We had given self-government to Frenchmen in Canada, and to Dutchmen in the Cape. But one exception—that of Irishmen—was to be permanently maintained. If that be the case did it not justify the statement he had made, that England did not treat the Irish nation as if they were gifted with the ordinary faculties of mankind? You assume that when Irishmen have power they will use it wrongly. You deny them the proper consequences of the acknowledgment of the name of men. (Hear, hear.) You do not deny them to be human. They are only too human—only too human. What is the meaning of those words? For what are they too human? Too human to have any sense of justice? Too human to have any perception of their own interests, though it glares upon them like the sun at noon-day, and those cruel imputations are the ground on which you refuse to Ireland what you have given in every analogous case throughout the Empire. (Cheers.) What is this but trifling with great ideas under a transparent form of words. (Cheers.) The chief secretary made a promise to the Irish people with the aid of a great party in this country. The Irish people would require no counter signature, but if he could add one grain's weight to its value he would add one remark. The Liberal party sprang from the people, and the full representation of the people dates from the first Reform act. Then first the Liberal party became a great power in the state, and there had never been a great question to which the Liberal party steadily and seriously laid its hand that it had failed to conduct to a successful issue. (Cheers.) So there never was a question to which the Liberal party laid its hand more seriously and earnestly, never was there a subject for which they suffered so severely, wrought so enthusiastically, and for which they descended so low (ironical cheers and counter cheers), and in respect to which its ascent from that low point it reached in its fall of 1886 has been so remarkable and so triumphant. (Cheers.) Would the party falter and recede, or would the record of sixty years be broken? He had faith in its continuance (cheers), and at no remote time, but in early history, the result would take its place as not the least fruitful, not the least blessed, among its accomplished acts.

The right honorable gentleman sat down at 1 o'clock amidst loud and continued cheering.

IRISH HOPES AND FEARS.

Some Doubts Expressed as to Whether the English Cabinet is as Brave as the Liberal Party Itself.

Any Half-Hearted Measure Would Not Be Acceptable to the Irish People.

[Irish Daily Independent, April 27.]

It seems to us that despite the recent debate and division on the Home Rule bill there is some danger that the government, in the vain hope of conciliating opponents, may assent in committee to amendments in the bill which would render it more or less worthless from the Irish point of view. Both the speeches delivered in support of the bill from the Liberal benches and the division that brought the discussion to a close ought to encourage the government to stick to the last by every vital principle of the measure, for it is a significant and a gratifying fact that there was scarcely a single note of weakness in the speeches of the Liberal members, and as to the division, every Liberal member was satisfactorily accounted for, including at the last even that mysterious Radical Home Ruler, Mr. William Saunders. In other words, if there are traitors in the Liberal ranks in the house of commons, they have yet to show themselves. All this, we repeat, ought to be an encouragement to ministers to be stiff-backed; and yet there are not wanting signs of weakness, instead of strength, on the ministerial bench.

Let us take one or two illustrations. On the closing day of the debate last week Sir Henry James delivered a long and pompous, yet a weak and in parts even a ridiculous speech against the principle of Home Rule, and particularly against the ministerial way of giving expression to that principle; and, among other things, he insisted that the Fifth clause—that establishing the executive power in Ireland and defining its functions—meant, in one of its sub-sections, that there might at one time be in Ireland a ministry responsible to the Irish parliament, and at another time—when, for instance, a Unionist government existed in Great Britain—a ministry which would be the mere creature of the English cabinet of the day. Now, we know that it was not possible for Mr. Gladstone in his speech winding up the debate to refer to all the matters which, under other circumstances, might, and probably would, have been noticed by him on such an occasion; but this particular suggestion, coming as it did from a Unionist who poses as a leading authority on constitutional questions, seems to us to be one which he ought not to have omitted to touch, especially because it went to the root of his own scheme, and because if Sir Henry James was right Mr. Gladstone is not offering Ireland home rule at all.

It is an absolutely essential and vital principle of any acceptable Home Rule measure that the executive in Ireland under the new state of affairs should be one responsible to the Irish parliament and thus to the Irish people. It was the absence of such an executive from the constitution of Grattan which destroyed that great Irishman's work of 1782, and brought about both the Insurrection and the Union. The absence of such an executive under home rule would assuredly wreck the new constitution and make the last state of Ireland worse than the first. We confess we should have liked to hear or read of Mr. Gladstone saying so much in reply to humbugs and enemies of the stamp of Sir Henry James; the more especially as ministerialist explanations of the vital Fifth clause—which, interpreted according to constitutional rules, is perfectly satisfactory—have been extremely meagre.

We shall heartily rejoice if the failure of Mr. Gladstone to say anything on the subject be found to portend nothing sinister; but we frankly confess that we do not like his silence under the circumstances, and we consequently think it right thus early to warn him and his colleagues that at least one way of fatally damaging his bill and its chances of success would be by tolerating any amendment whatever calculated to weaken the clause to which we refer. The other matter to which we would direct attention also concerns the Irish executive power of the future, and is more serious. The Secretary of War was one day last week "heckled," as they say in Scotland, on the point whether the troops in Ireland, in the case of disorder breaking out under home rule in any part of the country, would be under the orders of the Irish or the Imperial executive; and the substance of his various answers, as we understand them, was that they would be under the orders of the latter.

Now, if we rightly apprehend Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, we distinctly say that his statement is extremely unsatisfactory and most disquieting. The reason is plain. It would be ridiculous to set up an executive authority in Ireland and deny it the force necessary to carry out its decrees. After the term of six years, during which the control of the constabulary is to remain in Imperial hands, not only the constabulary, but the military must be at the disposal of the Irish executive for the purpose of preserving peace and social order in Ireland, and we think it highly ominous that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman did not say so much in express terms when he was challenged to do so. That he did not do so is all the more remarkable since the principle of deferring in such matters to the constituted local authorities has been expressly affirmed by another member of the cabinet in reference to the existing disorder in Hull, and was, in fact, affirmed before he spoke by the same colleague of the Secretary of War in reference to the same matter.

Mr. Asquith, the home secretary, on Tuesday night stated, for the third or fourth time, that the opinion of the local authorities in the town of Hull was decisive as to what troops were to be sent to that place or kept there. It will be a pretty state of affairs if the mayor and the magnates of an English or Scotch town are to have the military at their beck and call, and if the National government of Ireland are not, even for the purpose of preserving domestic peace and order. Such a state of affairs would be intolerable, and again we warn Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party that such amendments of his Home Rule measure as would bring it about would not be acceptable to Ireland.

KOSSUTH ON HOME RULE.

LONDON, May 11.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes an interview with the venerable Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, in regard to Irish home rule. Kossuth says that he wrote a memorandum years ago regarding Mr. Gladstone's first home rule scheme, which would be found among his papers after his death, but he declined to disclose at present what the memorandum contains.

"As to Mr. Gladstone's second scheme for Irish home rule," Kossuth continued. "I know very little about it or the principles underlying it. I believe, however, that Mr. Gladstone will never arrive at his goal. The Irish question presents the same obstacles as squaring a circle. It is a perfect Utopia, this wish of Mr. Gladstone to establish an autonomy of Ireland without granting that country absolute independence, and I should not be astonished if Ireland should one day throw herself into the arms of the United States in order to get what she wants. Distances between countries do not count today as they counted in the past. It has been said that the situation in Ireland is comparable to that of Hungary, and some eminent Englishmen have asked my opinion in regard to that assertion. My answer is that it is false. The Austrians never conquered Hungary as the English conquered Ireland. Hungary merely made a compact with the house of Hapsburg for the sake of neighborly association. Ireland, on the contrary, was conquered by force of arms and can only be delivered by force of arms."

Kossuth, who is 91 years of age, looks feeble and wasted and is sometimes convulsed by fits of coughing. But there is still the old fire in his eyes, which flash when he is talking. He still spends some of his time every day writing in behalf of Hungary.

[M. Kossuth is technically right in saying that England conquered Ireland by force of arms, but he is wrong when he seems to infer that Ireland ever completely acquiesced in the conquest. When she surrendered Limerick, civil and religious liberty, and practical independence, were guaranteed her, but the treaty was violated. So also was the compact of 1782. Conquest obtained by fraud is not conquest in the sense expressed by the Hungarian patriot. Therefore, Ireland has not been conquered. On the contrary, she has been, like Hungary, cheated.]

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GAELIC GAMES.

Exciting Football and Hurling Contests on Sunday Last.

The large concourse of spectators that witnessed the Gaelic Athletic contests at Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, last Sunday afternoon, may be taken as an indication of the lively interest which these games possess for the public. The weather was fine and the field was in good condition. Two contests were on the programme, one a football game between the Davitts and the Brian Borus; the other a hurling contest between the Emmets and the Innisfails. Play commenced at 3:15. For fifteen minutes the ball was rushed up and down the field coming close to either goal line, but no scoring was done. The Davitts, determined to break through this tameness, and, urged on by their captain, J. W. Wolfe, pressed the ball into their opponents' territory, and succeeded in making a point. The Brian Borus, now compelled to kick off from goal, were unable to force the ball to the middle of the field before the Davitts had scored four points in quick succession. At the call of half time the Davitts had scored 13 points, the Brian Borus 0.

When the ball was again thrown up in the middle of the field, the Davitts rushed things right away, forcing the ball straight to their opponents' goal line, when they scored the first-goal in the game. Tom White, captain of the Brian Borus, got hold of the ball on the kick off, and made a splendid rush into the team's ground, but the Davitts soon forced the ball back again, and added several points to their score. The Brian Borus again sent the ball back, and, under the guidance of Hall, Kearney and Twohy, it was brought to the Davitts' goal line and a point was scored. After this, play became fast and furious. The Davitts invaded their opponents' country and, for several minutes, a series of exciting scrimmages took place, within a few yards of the Brian Borus' goal posts. The latter club made an admirable defense, and the Davitts were forced back without being able to score. Things were soon changed; the Davitts made another rush and succeeded in scoring two more goals before the call of time. The referee, Capt. Martin, announced the score as 3 goals and 13 points for the Davitts, and 4 points for the Brian Borus.

For the Davitts Lehane, Wolfe, Furlong and Ahern, played a good game; and Tom White, Kent and Noonan did excellent work for the Brian Borus. The members of the teams were as follows:

Emmets—Thomas White, captain; J. Kearney, W. Hall, D. Hennessy, E. Coonin, W. Meehan, L. Meehan, D. Kent, E. Kent, E. Ivers, J. O'Brien, M. Coleman, M. Casey, J. Mahoney, M. Noonan, J. Twohy and D. Rice.

Davitts—J. W. Wolfe, captain; John Barrett, D. Ahern, James Wolfe, M. Tobin, M. Mahoney, J. F. Furlong, M. Lehane, T. Wolfe, W. Pollard, M. Killen, M. Ahern, P. J. Mulcahy, J. Connors, W. Burke, M. Brown and Ed. Ahern.

The hurling contest appeared to excite still greater interest than the football game. Many of the spectators had never seen a "caman" wielded, and they evidently enjoyed the novelty presented. The two teams crossed hurleys in the middle of the field, P. D. Fitzgerald acting as referee. Play was hot from the start. The Innisfails, by a few well directed strokes, sent the ball up to the Emmets' goal and scored a point. O'Malley, as goal keeper for the latter club, hit the ball out from goal, and in a few seconds it was in the Innisfails' territory. There it did not remain long. Naughton and McCarthy sent it back with a few long strokes, and the Innisfails again scored a point. P. T. Murphy, of the Emmets, took care of the ball after the stroke from goal, and though he received a rather severe stroke on the head, by accident, he worked the ball into the opponents' territory, where it was attended to by J. O'Neill and J. Merry, and a point was scored. The more the contest proceeded the livelier did it became. Many got struck on the shins and on the knuckles. The "camans" were occasionally struck from the players' hands, many dangerous scrimmages were engaged in, and altogether the game was highly exciting. The Innisfails showed superiority in accuracy of striking and in general training. The Emmets once in a while cut holes in the air instead of striking the ball, but for an unpracticed team they made a fair showing. Naughton, of the Innisfails, did some excellent playing, displaying much skillfulness in "rising strokes" and in "trippeens." McCarthy and Reilly played well. On the Emmet side P. T. Murphy showed that he could hurl as well as he could kick ball. O'Malley made an excellent defense of the goal, and O'Neill, Patrick Murphy and D. Cronin played a good game. The scoring was almost all on the Innisfail side, although the Emmets drove the ball several times over the opponents' goal line. The score stood: Innisfails, 5 goals, 12 points; Emmets, 1 point. The players were:

Innisfails—J. O'Connell, captain; J. Conway, John and James O'Callaghan, J. McCarthy, Droney, Bennett, Halvey, Naughton, M. and J. Phelan, O'Sullivan, O'Reilly, Fitzgerald, Mason, Egan and Sexton.

Emmets—J. Kidd, captain; J. Reidy, P. T. Murphy, P. Murphy, James Ryan, J. Merry, T. Jones, D. Ryan, T. Ryan, J. Cahill, John Fleming, M. B. O'Neill, J. O'Malley, D. Cronin, J. McNamara, J. O'Neill and P. F. Guerin.

THE MYSTERY OF EMMET'S GRAVE.

To the Editor of United Ireland—DEAR SIR: As one who has given some little attention to the mystery which, unhappily, surrounds the question of the last resting-place of Robert Emmet, will you permit me to point out that the story from a Meath correspondent as to the interment of the martyr of 1803 in St. Catherine's churchyard, Thomas street, Dublin, which you published in a recent issue, is certainly not new, and is, I am convinced, untrue. A few years ago I wrote a short series of article for the *Evening Telegraph*, entitled, "In the Footprints of Robert Emmet," descriptive of the places and houses in Dublin made historic by association with the brief but eventful career of the patriot-martyr. The subject of the grave, of course, came within the scope of my investigations, and I gave it considerable attention. Let me then state briefly the position of this question, which, I think, deserves the careful consideration of every student of Irish history.

I found that as many as five churchyards have been mentioned from time to time, since Dr. R. R. Madden began his investigations on the subject early in the thirties, as containing the grave of Robert Emmet—viz., St. Peter's, Aungier street, (where the parents of the martyr are buried); St. James', James street; St. Michan's, Church street; St. Catherine's, Thomas street; and old Glasnevin. Hearsay evidence is, unfortunately, the only evidence available in support of the claim of any of these churchyards of containing the remains of Emmet. In the cases of both St. Michan's and old Glasnevin this evidence is, however, supported by the authority of persons well known in Irish history and literature; but as regards all the others the evidence is of the flimsiest description, and is backed only by names of sextons, and grave-diggers, and church-wardens, of whose existence even there is no satisfactory proof.

It therefore comes to this, I think, that the rival claims of St. Michan's and old Glasnevin of holding the ashes of Robert Emmet are alone worth consideration. The introduction of other churchyards, which has been proved over and over again to possess absolutely not the faintest shadow of evidence in support of their claims, only still further complicates a serious problem, and tends to distract seekers after its solution.

Two of our most erudite and painstaking historians, Dr. R. R. Madden and Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, have given this question of Emmet's grave their most careful consideration; but I regret to say that they arrived at different conclusions. Dr. Madden, who was first in the field, supports, in his "Lives and Times of United Irishmen," St. Michan's churchyard, though not absolutely, and does not even mention old Glasnevin. But Mr. Fitzpatrick, who deals with the subject in the appendix to "The Sham Squire," produces evidence which, I think, places the claim of old Glasnevin far above the claims of St. Michan's, in point of weight and authority; and since I wrote "In the Footprints of Robert Emmet" I have been led to believe that Dr. Madden—though he has not mentioned it in any of the later editions of his work—came to the conclusion that, after all, the martyr of 1803 was buried at old Glasnevin. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, sent me, after the publication of my papers, an interesting letter on the subject of the grave. "The family," he writes, "have had no knowledge of where Robert Emmet was buried. . . . From a short statement made to me by Dr. Madden, a short time before his death, I believe the grave is at old Glasnevin."

The question, therefore, lies only between St. Michan's and old Glasnevin—the other three graveyards we may dismiss from our consideration for want of evidence; and though, as I have already said, I believe that Emmet sleeps in old Glasnevin, it is, I think, a matter on which as yet no one can dogmatize. In days that are coming when Ireland shall be free to write the epitaph of Robert Emmet this question will assume supreme national importance. Let us hope, though, that by that time the mystery of Emmet's grave shall have been elucidated. Yours very truly,

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

The Irish Literary Society, London, Bloomsbury Mansion, Hart street, W. C., March 25, 1893.

If ever a man feels like "a poor worm of the dust," it is when he suffers from that tired feeling. Ayer's Sarsaparilla removes this discouraging physical condition and imparts the thrill of new life and energy to every nerve, tissue, muscle, and fibre of the whole body.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MANOR-HAMILTON

"Then echoed wildly from within,
Of shout and scream the mingled din,
And weapon-clash and maddening cry
Of those who kill, and those who die'
As filled the hall with sulphurous smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke,
And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they passed."

"Well, it is a sharp and sore thorn in our sides, and apparently it must remain such for a while longer. The want of artillery presses hard on us here. Had we a few pieces of good Spanish ordnance, such as spoke defiance to the French from the battlements of Arras, we should soon bring our friend Hamilton to terms; natheless, we shall do our best."

The speaker was Owen Roe O'Neill. Surrounded by a small group, including Owen O'Rourke, O'Dowda, and O'Tracy, the General stood beneath the shade of a wood on the banks of the Owenmore, intently surveying the stronghold of Manor-Hamilton.

"Ay, we'll do our best," echoed the sergeant-major;—"but to what purpose? Experience has told us that a blockade is but of little use."

The tierna of Dromahaire shook his head.

"Until we get proper ordnance," said he, "I fear we shall never be able to take yonder castle or root out the Albanach."

"Hear ye that, souls of my murdered father and mother!" exclaimed a deep, hoarse voice near at hand; "not able to take the castle or drive away the bloodthirsty Albanach! Oh, wirra, wirra, the false *lisgeul!*"

The party turned in surprise. A gaunt figure, clad in scanty, fluttering rags, was leaning against the trunk of a tree. A wan, haggard-faced man, whose eyes were brilliant with a strange, weird light, and whose white, fang-like teeth gleamed through his unkempt crom-meal. O'Tracy started as he viewed him, for, though years had passed since his fearful midnight encounter with the fierce maniac on the shore of Lough Gill, he instantly recognized the insane Murtough MacSharry.

"I'll take the castle for ye, gorsoons!"

"Shade of Dathi!—you will!"

"Heed him not," remarked Edmund, pulling O'Dowda's sleeve; "he is insane."

"Yes, by the rock of St. Loman, 'tis Murty will take the castle for ye; 'tis Murty will lead the wolf-hounds into the bloody wolf's den; 'tis he will show ye the hole in the wall that the good fairies took him through; 'tis he will show ye the skian dhas he grasped from the tall *suidhera* and thrust into his black heart. Ha! look ye at it."

So saying, the maniac drew from the folds of his tattered garments a large dagger, and threw the dangerous weapon on the sward. Teige O'Dowda picked it up and examined it.

"This certainly belonged to Hamilton or some of his men," he remarked, passing the weapon to O'Neill: "observe the crest."

The shining hilt of the weapon was highly chased, and was artistically adorned with the Hamilton arms, crest, and even motto—the arms, three pieced ermine conquefoils on a ruby ground; the crest, an oak tree penetrated with a saw; and the motto, "Nec timeo, nec sperno."

The crest (which had attracted the notice of O'Dowda) was a remarkable one, and the legend attached to it more remarkable still. Sir Walter Hamilton of Leicestershire, speaking with praise of Robert Bruce in the court of Edward the Second, was struck by the king's favorite, John de la Spencer, whom he fought next day and killed. Flying from the king's ire, he made for Scotland. As he and his servant were passing through a wood, they changed clothes with some woodcutters and began to saw an oak tree, in order to evade the royal guards, by whom they were hotly pursued. On the approach of the soldiers, the servant grew fearful and timid, but his master hastily shouted to him, "Through," as the oak tottered and fell, thus enabling him to gain his self-possession. This word Hamilton took thenceforward for his motto, and adopted for his crest the oak penetrated by the saw—a family emblem rather unique in its way.

"There may be something in the madman's words" muttered O'Dowda.

"Have you been in the castle, then?" inquired Owen Roe of MacSharry.

"The murderers caught Murty and locked him up to hang him by-and-by—ay, as they hanged poor Con O'Rourke, whose white ghost I met last night in Glenfarne—but the bright fairy queen showed him the way out of his dungeon, and down the tower, and out through the lawn wall; and Murty will bring ye the road tonight till ye knock out the wicked brains of the Albanach."

"This is a strange tale, surely," remarked Miles the Slasher, who had joined the group; and he, Owen Roe, and O'Dowda, conversed in low tones for a few minutes.

"Hark ye, lads," said he at length, "'tis like asking ye to put your lives in the hands of a maniac, but I want a few of ye to go with me tonight to see if there be anything in this poor fellow's story."

O'Tracy, O'Neill, O'Cuirnin, and a dozen others readily offered themselves as volunteers for the singular undertaking, and MacSharry was taken in charge by a few troopers, who endeavored to humor his wild whims and fancies. He was strangely calm and docile for the time being.

The night came, a moonless and starless one, and a strong force, commanded by Owen Roe in person, lay in silent ambush in the wood, while the Slasher and his small band, with their maniac guide, set out in stealthy progress towards the castle.

The night was too dark to allow the sentinels on the battlements to distinguish the dark forms that slowly crept up the slope of the eminence on which the castle stood. Each of the reconnoitring party was armed with sword and pistol, and each was barefooted, for greater caution, for their enterprise was a most critical and dangerous one. In the midst of the shadowy crawling group was the Slasher, trailing his giant form along in a wonderfully noiseless manner, and keeping a careful eye on MacSharry, who crept along like some strange monster of the night. Their progress was necessarily slow and painful: the snap of a rotten stick, the fall of a stone, the least outburst of the dubious guide's aberration, might draw the attention of the sentinels and ruin all.

On the party crept up the slope of the hill, as noiselessly, it seemed, as the shadow of a cloud passing over the landscape. Edmund was now foremost. He had gained the crest of the hill, when an unlucky noise made in slipping by one of the men made him catch his breath and crouch still and stiff as death. After a moment of great suspense he looked cautiously upwards. There was a dark lump seemingly poised in the air almost over his head, and he soon discovered with a cold shudder that he was beneath the Tree of Death, and that the dark object he saw was the dead, hanging body of a man. Glancing upwards at the battlements, he made out, dimly defined against the night, the head and shoulders of a man, evidently the sentinel, and evidently listening and gazing, alarmed at the noise which had just occurred.

Edmund turned in apprehension and gazed down the slope behind him. He could just make out, about three yards away, the form of the next man to him, still, mute, and motionless as a log. As he gazed, he was alarmed by a loud noise above him—a loud whirr of strong wings, as a great white owl, which had been perched on the gallows, swooped over his head and flew away into the darkness. When next he turned his eyes on the battlements, the form of the sentinel had disappeared.

A few more strokes, as it were, and the party reached the high bawn wall that surrounded the castle; and now MacSharry cautiously put aside the branches of a whitethorn growing by the wall, showing therein a small breach or aperture concealed from the view of the garrison by a pile of timber standing in the bawn. Through this hole each of the party silently crept in turn, until all stood within the bawn, and the dark castle wall rose before them to a sheer height of forty feet.

And now a gaunt form commenced the dangerous ascent of this wall. It was that of the vengeful maniac. His body, looking like a dark blot, moved up—up—up—the eyes of the silent group rivited on it with painful and absorbing interest, which grew greater and more intense when the dark spot disappeared through one of the battlement embrasures.

MacSharry had taken up with him a cord, for which Niall O'Cuirnan now groped, but groped in vain. There was a long and dangerous delay. At length the cord came down, weighted with a small stone, and a strong rope was affixed and drawn up. Then, hand over hand up the giddy height, went the brother of Kathleen, Edmund holding the rope below to steady his ascent.

After a while the vibrations of the rope ceased and it hung slack. Then it was gently shaken once more, and Edmund at once grasped it and commenced to ascend. This species of athletic exercise he had often practiced, and up he went rapidly and steadily. His head was scarcely on a level with the top of the battlement, when a strong grasp was laid on his arm, and he was dragged in hastily at an embrasure and a broad hand laid on his mouth.

"Hush—not a breath," whispered the voice of Niall; "crouch close or we are lost."

The pair crouched together in the shadow of the parapet. As they did so, a heavy tread was heard close at hand and a bright spark, like a glow-worm, was seen coming in their direction. Then the form of an armed man loomed out of the darkness, passed within a few feet of them, turned, and retraced his regular steps into the gloom whence he had emerged. The bright spark was the lighted tip of his quick match. Some distance off, at the other side of the embattled square, a similar spark was moving up and down.

"Well, shall I shake the rope?" inquired Edmund of O'Cuirnan, as soon as the sentinel had passed.

"No," was the whispered reply, "not another can come up without instant discovery; we must first get rid of the sentinel next us. Hold yourself ready to snatch his match and musket when I seize him from behind."

Again sounded the regular tramp of feet as the unsuspecting Scot approached the place where his two enemies were concealed. Nearer and nearer he came, while Edmund thought he could hear his own heart, from the excitement of the moment, beating loud enough to betray them. A moment more and O'Cuirnin, with the bound of a tiger, had sprung up behind the sentinel, clasping him garrotewise by the throat, stifling his grasping cry of alarm, while O'Tracy easily wrested the matchlock from the man's unnerved grasp.

At the same time there was a faint, gurgling cry from the other sentinel, as he fell, pierced to the heart, by the skian of the terrible MacSharry, who had crept upon him unawares. Hurling his man upon the stone flags, O'Cuirnin proceeded to gag and bind him, while Edmund shook the rope as a signal to those below to ascend. In a short time the entire party were standing on the battlements prepared for action.

"Now, *suidheras*, follow Murty!" hissed the maniac; "Murty will show you how to use the Albanach." And he began to descend the stone steps leading into the heart of the castle.

"Follow him closely, lads, and use your eyes and ears," said the Slasher; "remember, we must throw open the main entrance or die in the attempt."

They reached the foot of the first flight of steps without discovery, and here they left two of their number. They found themselves in a dark corridor, at the further end of which a gleam of yellow light guided them on. It was the same corridor traversed by Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin on the night of her daring effort for liberty. They stole silently onward in the direction of the faint light, their bare feet making no noise on the flagged passage, at the extremity of which was another stone stairs, which they descended, leaving two more of their number at its head.

They now beheld the arched entrance of a chamber out of which came the flickering glare of many torches, and as they paused in the dark shadow, clutching their weapons and steeling their hearts, they heard the confused chatter of many voices speaking in broad Scotch, and above all, the words of a song, sung in stentorian style:

"Now let us drink
Till we nod and wink
Even as good fellows should do;
We shall not miss
To hale the bliss
Good wine doth bring men to!"

"'Tis the guard-room," whispered O'Reilly. "You four," (and he picked them out) "leap to the portal and undo bolts and bars; the rest follow me;—forward!"

A rush, and the Slasher, O'Tracy, O'Cuirnin, and a fourth, were within the entrance of the lighted chamber, confronting its occupants with bared sword and levelled pistols.

"Surrender!" thundered O'Reilly; "you shall not be harmed, but the first man that moves shall have a bullet through him."

The chamber was nearly filled with the guards of the castle. For a moment there was an indescribable scene of panic and confusion, and then the Scots, undeterred by O'Reilly's threat, and rendered desperate at the thought of falling into the hands of those to whom they had never shown mercy, sprang by mutual impulse to their arms. The report of a musket rang through the chamber, and a bullet passed close by the head of O'Reilly, who at once returned the shot, shooting a man dead. His companions discharged their pistols at the same time, and every bullet told. Thereupon, the Scots, with flashing claymores, made a determined dash at the doorway, but recoiled from the stern front of their enemies. Again they hurled themselves forward, and a desperate fight ensued. The Slasher's formidable blade and tremendous stroke levelled every Scot that came within his reach. O'Tracy received a severe gash in the arm, but disabled more than one of his opponents. The Scots impeded each other in their attack, and again they had to retire.

"Bide a wee, my bairns," shouted a Puritan officer, as he dashed the torches from the wall and trampled them under foot; "noo let's gi' the rogues a touch o' the auld times."

"Strike home, lads!" cried Sir Frederick Hamilton himself, as he came rushing, half dressed and sword in hand, toward the scene of combat—"smite the dogs of Belial hip and thigh;—fight for your creed and covenant!"

"Creed and covenant!" echoed the Scots, and the din and clangor of meeting weapons was mingled with the shrieks, cries, and imprecations of the combatants as they struck blindly at each other in the black darkness.

But now a gust of cold night air swept through the hall, and a long, dreadful cry of vengeance resounded without the portal, which O'Reilly's men had at length succeeded in throwing open. Then, in one solid, awful, and irresistible body, surged in the Irish. In a second they had ignited fresh torches; in another they had burst through the opposing force of Puritans, driving them before them. Now, like loosed demons of slaughter, mad for a carnival of blood, they hurried through chamber and corridor on a mission of death. Nowhere did a hated Albanach get mercy, for the attacking force were mearly all Breffnians, and each man had the murder of a parent or a wife, a brother or a sister, to avenge.

"Blood, blood!" shrieked the wild voice of MacSharry; "down with the murderers of my darling!—revenge for the sweet Wild Rose of Lough Gill! Ha! I'll make a pretty Bael-fire of the cursed den!"

Waving a blazing torch above his head, he dashed away into one of the gloomy passages.

"Heavens, the powder!" thought Edmund O'Tracy, who overheard the words, and he rushed after the madman. The latter turned and discharged a pistol (which he had seized in the conflict) at his pursuer, who narrowly escaped the deadly ball, and then slammed a ponderous door in his face.

Edmund swiftly conveyed his apprehensions to the Slasher.

"Spare the women and children," said the humane voice of Owen Roe; and, his commands and exhortations being repeated and seconded by the other Irish leaders, the women and children of the castle were saved, and conveyed in safety to the outside.

The reign of slaughter was but of short duration. Numbers of the Scots effected their escape from the castle, and fled off into the saving darkness. Hamilton himself managed to bit and bridle the most powerful horse in his stables, and rode at full speed through the surrounding press of his enemies, escaping several shots that were fired after him.

Soon after his escape, the castle was found to be on fire. Lurid flames were discovered in one chamber gnawing greedily at the woodwork, and soon dark volumes of smoke were rolling from every loophole and window.

"Outside, all!" commanded the loud voice of Miles O'Reilly, as he rushed for the last time through the corpse-piled corridors, and down the blood-dripping stairs. "Beware of the powder!"

In a short time the castle was deserted by living man, and at a considerable distance off the victorious Irish watched the progress of the flames. Brighter and brighter glowed the light of the conflagration in each illumined window of the doomed building. As the devouring flames gained force and brilliancy, the surrounding objects became visible, stealing, as it were, out of the sombre darkness. The slopes of the castle hill seemed bright as if it were day. The light of the burning pile played on the foliage of the dark wood surrounding, lit up with ghastly effect the black ruins of the Undertakers' town, showed the hideous Gallows Tree and its dread appendage, showed the old stone bridge with its dark green drapery of ivy, danced and quivered on the water of the river, and was reflected in a hundred bright glancing points by the arms and accoutrements of the watching and waiting Irish.

The flames were speedy with their work. With a succession of dull crashes, the stone roof and the blazing rows of rafters fell in. A long, vivid tongue of flame, and a brilliant column of sparks, shot upward. Then there was a hollow roar, a blinding glare of light, and a tremendous shock which made the earth tremble for a great distance around, and caused the boughs of the trees to agitate as if in a mighty tempest. A cloud of stones and rubbish rose into the air, great gaping fissures appeared in the castle walls, and immense masses of masonry fell rumbling to the ground. It was the explosion of the powder.

"So perish the power of every tyrant!" shouted Miles the Slasher, waving his hat, and a long, loud cheer of exultation from the insurgents pealed upwards into the heavens.

* * * * * * *

We shall meet Hamilton no more in this tale. A word or two more ere we have done with him. The name and memory of the monster are still known and cursed by the peasantry, as far eastward as Lough Erne, as far westward as Ballysadare—at which latter place tradition tells how his ruthless troops committed a terrible massacre, hewing down even poor fever patients, who, with the sheets of their beds wrapped round them, endeavored to totter out of reach of their destroyers.

Hamilton had three sons—James, who succeeded him in the Leitrim estates; Frederick, who fell in the Irish wars; and Gustavus, the famous Williamite officer in the war of the Revolution, who was made Viscount Boyne by King William, in 1717—and one daughter, Christiana, who married the Scot, Sir George Monroe of Thermore. Sir Frederick's eldest son had no male issue. His daughters Hannah and Sidney married respectively two Undertakers, Sir William Gore and Sir John Hume, between whom the vast Leitrim estate was divided; and thus the male line of the ruthless *sabreur* became extinct in Breffny, and his town and castle remained Manor-Hamilton only in name.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

The following Gaelic poem by An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn, is an acknowledgment from that gifted Irishman, of the receipt of a copy of the "Memoirs of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher," sent him by the author, Mr. Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C. During a call by us on Mr. Cavanagh, we accidentally saw the verses among some papers he was showing us, and after much persuasion (for Mr. Cavanagh is the most modest of men), we were allowed to make a copy of them for our Gaelic column:

DO MHICHEAL O'CANNAIGH.

Air fhaghail cóipe d'a leabhar measamhail, "Beatha Thomáis Frainsis Ui Mheachair, uadh.

Cuid mile buidheachas
Air son do bhronntanais
Comhartha toilteannais
Mhóir dam é sin.
Thar tonntaibh ballacha
Na sáile gairibhe
Thainig ó Washington
Obair do phinn.

'S minic do chualamar
Cáil agus tualrisg
Aird-fhir na buaidhe,
Cambánaigh cruaidh,
O fhear na droinge-sin
Dhóirt a g-cuid fola-san
Ann san árd-chogadh-sin
Reub an Tir Nuadh.

'S mór linn a ghniomhartha
Air son a thire-sean,
Chrom sé air litreachaibh,
'S iomdha an dán
S griobhtha i nGaodhilge
Dhilis na n-Eireannach
Chuir seisean Béarla go
Binn air, 's go slán.

'Nois le gach oibliogáid
Chuir seisean orrainn-ne
Feuch an obair-se
Beatha an té
Fuair measg na n-Eireannach
Clú do bhi éifeachtach,
O'Meachair, tréan-duine,
Leanfamaoid é!

AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

EXCITEMENT IN A DUTCH VILLAGE.

History of a Curious Custom In the Ancient Land of Dikes.

One night in October we were startled by the ringing of the alarm bells. We expected to find a fire, but the peasants as they tumbled out of their door shouted, "The cows! The cows!" which brings us back to a curious bit of local history and custom. As is well known, the Zuyder Zee is kept back from these villages by a great dike that connects sand dune with sand dune. During the low water of summer the sea retires for a long distance and the uncovered shore becomes fine pasturage, giving the farmers a chance to convert their own meager grass patches into hay for the winter. Unfortunately this provision of nature cannot be enjoyed by all.

It is a bequest to these villages from a countess who died in the year 1642; to speak exactly, each descendant of a resident of the villages of Laren, Blaricum and Huizen of that date has inherited the right to pasture seven cows. This privilege cannot be brought or sold; it can be acquired only from an ancestor of the village of that date. When the spring comes, the cattle are driven to the pastures, where they remain for the summer. Their owners commonly live miles away, and it necessitates two daily milking trips, on which they jog over in a cart with the cans and pails at midday and midnight.

The pastures are hundreds of acres in extent, and for a long time it puzzled us how an owner could find his cows on a dark night, but we discovered that they have trained their animals to come to a certain place at the same hour each day and night by always carrying to them some dainty in the shape of salt and potatoes. During the summer these pastures are used without danger, but in the autumn the succession of northerly gales, in conjunction with a high tide, will put the land under many feet of water.

Sometimes the inundation is so sudden that the cattle are caught by the rising waters and drowned. So at the beginning of September watchmen are always stationed on the dike to keep a sharp lookout upon the sea. The church towers of the villages are all in sight of one another, and the Huizen tower is in close communication with the dike. With a rise of the sea the man on the dike hangs up a lantern; if the sea rises more he hangs up two, which is a danger signal, but if it rises fast three, which says, "Great danger; come quickly." Similar lights are flashed from tower to tower by watchers in the belfries, and at three lights the alarm bells are rung.

This was the alarm we heard, and in 10 minutes the roads were thronged with people on foot and on horseback, rushing to the rescue of the herds. This year none were drowned, but it was perilous work, and the peasants heaved long sighs of relief as they told us the details and announced that the cows were safe in the stables for the next six months.—H. W. Ranger in Century.

Peter the "Mint Bird."

If you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838 or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1856, you will find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle that was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia. Peter, one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was the pet of the Philadelphia mint and was generally known as the "mint bird." Not only did he have free access to every part of the mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults, where even the treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but he used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon lampposts in the streets. Everybody knew him and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the mint establishment as the superintendent or the chief coiner.

He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the mint yet if he had not sat down to rest upon one of the great flywheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later. The superintendent had his body beautifully mounted with the wings spread to their fullest extent, and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. An exact portrait of him as he stands in the case was put upon the coins named.—Harper's Young People.

Sandwich Islanders and Their Priests.

The Kahunas exerted their powers in different ways, and formerly every chieftain of note had his pet Kahuna. In the matter of conferring with the Kahunas as to the advisability of instituting a certain undertaking or as to what the outcome of such an undertaking would be the process was much the same as the oriental plan of consulting the oracle. There were Kahunas who removed the evil spirits and who made the sick well, and, more influential than either of these, the Kahuna who prayed the Kanaka to death.

With the advent of the missionary in the islands and the abolition of idolatry the Kahuna industry received a setback, and the priests and prophets of the order have been slowly but surely losing their grip, until at the present time the Kahunas that remain command the fear and respect of but a few and are rejected by the many as mountebanks.—Honolulu Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Correct Speech Is Rarely Heard.

There are errors that are fallen into as frequently by the educated as by the ignorant. It is say to say that nine people in ten in using the expression "wile away the time" for instance spell and pronounce it "while away," etc. An instant's thought is sufficient to convince one that "wile" is the word, yet how few give that instant! It is a singular fact that absolute correctness of speech is so rarely heard that it is in danger of being mistaken for affectation when it is met.—Boston Advertiser.

The Glass Bottle Industry In England.

Glass bottle manufacture, not long ago a thriving British industry, seems destined before long to pass entirely into the hands of the foreigner. A Yorkshire gentleman, who has witnessed the ruin and disappearance of nearly a dozen of once flourishing concerns in his own neighborhood, communicates to a local paper the result of his inquiries on that head. He began by interviewing the senior partner in a London firm of pickle-makers, who annually require 30,000 gross of pint bottles. They used to deal with English makers, but they have latterly transferred their custom to the continent.

Why? Because they find that while the breakage in transit is next to nothing, owing to more careful packing, "the bottles all round are much superior to those of English make." They are also rather cheaper, an important consideration in these days of sharp competition. Continuing his inquiries, the investigator ultimately compiled a long list of large houses which have similarly transferred their custom to the continent. They unanimously declare that they get a much better article for their money.—London Globe.

Culture East and West.

"New England people are apt to consider themselves the best readers in the country," said Archibald Gates, who is at the Lindell. "For my part, however, I believe that western people are about as good readers as can be found in a week's journey. Certainly the western farmer thinks more of his newspaper than the man who tries to earn a living by tilling the less fertile soil in the east. The worst place I ever struck for newspapers was a little town in New Jersey within two hours' ride of New York. I tried in every store to buy or borrow a paper while there, but could secure nothing, and no one seemed surprised at the utter absence of current literature. What little was known of current political and national events was almost entirely gained by hearsay, and it is needless to add the people were about two weeks behind the times in consequence. You could hardly find a frontier farm so far behind the times in this respect as this little town, which of course calls itself a city. The east is very apt to poke fun at the west, but honors are quite easy in many respects."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Alcohol and Spirits of Wine.

The term spirit of wine, or ardent spirit, was not in use in the thirteenth century, for the word spirit was at that time reserved for volatile agents like mercury, sulphur, the sulphurets of arsenic and sal ammoniac, which were capable of acting on metals and modifying their color and properties. The term eau de vie was given in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the elixir of long life. It was Arnaud de Villeneuve who employed it for the first time to designate the product of the distillation of wine. But he used it not as a specific name, but in order to mark the assimilation which he made of it with the product drawn from wine. The elixir of long life of the ancient alchemists had nothing in common with our alcohol. Confusion of the two has led the historians of science into more than one error.—P. E. M. Berthelot in Popular Science Monthly.

Animals That Trouble Ranchers.

The kangaroo plague has always been a great nuisance to the Australian squatters, for on an average these animals consume as much grass as a sheep. It is stated that on a sheep run of 60,000 to 80,000 acres 10,000 kangaroos were killed annually for six consecutive years, and yet their numbers remained very formidable in the locality. In the colony of South Australia hundreds of thousands of kangaroos are slaughtered annually for their skins and the bonus offered by the authorities. The number of these marsupials in New South Wales in 1889 was estimated to be over 4,000,000, and yet about 500,000 kangaroos and 650,000 wallabies were destroyed in the colony in that year.

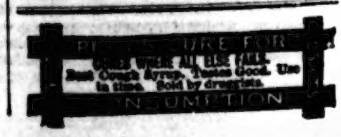
A bonus of 16 cents for each kangaroo killed is offered in Australia; hence the colonists are gradually exterminating these native animals. Over half a million skins are annually shipped to England and a large number to North America to be converted into leather.—Hardwick's Science Gossip.

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, Consumption comes. A slight cold, with your system in the scrofulous condition that's caused by impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. That is the time when neglect and delay are full of danger. Consumption is Lung-Scrofula. You can prevent it, and you can cure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the most potent blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. For every disease that has to be reached through the blood, like Consumption, for Scrofula in all its forms, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy *know* that their medicine perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh. To prove it to you, they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is, they'll pay you $500 in cash.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



HAVE NO TIME TO IDLE

Delegates to the Women's Congress Kept Busy.

THE PROGRAMME FOR THIS WEEK.

A Four Hour Morning Session Each Day, a Visit to the World's Columbian Exposition Each Afternoon, and a Three Hour Session Each Evening—Foreign Representatives Introduced by Mrs. Potter Palmer—Interesting Papers.

CHICAGO, May 16.—The delegates to the Women's congress started in bright and early for a hard day's work. The programme for the week comprises a four-hour morning session each day, a visit to the World's fair each afternoon, and a three-hour session in the evening, and many of the delegates are already beginning to wonder just "where they will be at" by the time the final session is reached on Saturday night.

CHARLOTTE E. BROWN.

Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown presided over an audience of about 1,500 in the Hall of Washington in the Art institute, and after devotional exercises a number of foreign representatives were introduced by Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Charles Henrotin. An interesting paper upon the civil and social evolution of woman was read by the venerable Elizabeth Cady Stanton of New York, and in the discussion which followed Margaret Parker of Scotland, Louise Thomas, representative of the Woman's Centenary association; Dr. Emily Howard Stowe, president of the Woman's Enfranchisement association of Canada, and Dr. Jennie Lozier, president of Sorosis, took a prominent part. After this subject had been disposed of Marie Stromberg of Russia, who was given a cordial welcome, presented a paper upon the evolution of the Russian woman, in which she traced the gradual rise of the sex in her native country, socially and intellectually, for the past century.

In the Hall of Columbus.

Politics was the theme of the gathering in the big hall of Columbus, where the audience numbered about two thousand. Jane Cobden Unwin, representative of the Women's Franchise league of England, opened the proceedings with a paper by Miss Brown of London upon "Woman in the Municipal Government," and which gave a succinct and interesting review of

JENNIE DE LA MONTAGNIE LOZIER.

the struggle of the women of England for their political rights, and of the measure of success that had so far crowned their efforts, and Ida A. Harper of Indiana told something about the political influence of women in American municipalities. The conference then branched off to a consideration of women as an actual force in politics, and the Countess of Aberdeen, who received an ovation upon being presented, spoke at length upon the subject. She was followed by Lilie Devereux Blake of New York, and a short address by Martha Strickland of Michigan upon the position and influence of woman in city law brought the session to a close.

Other Gatherings.

These, however, were only two of some fifteen separate and distinct congresses that were in full swing. In hall No. 7 the annual congress of the Eastern Star, a branch of Masonry, to which the female relatives of master Masons are only eligible to membership, was called to order by Mrs. Mary C. Snedden, most worthy grand matron. The session, after prayer and musical exercises, was devoted to addresses of welcome by the past officers. The congresses in other halls included one of the national committee of the Young Men's Christian association, the National Council of Women of the United States, and the Women's National Alliance. Other congresses had reference to education, religion, and industry. Before visiting the fair in the afternoon the delegates were tendered by a reception at the Illinois club by the Women's Club of Chicago, and for which a total of 5,000 invitations were issued.

Mrs. Gougar Sues for Libel.

BOSTON, May 16.—The two libel suits of Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, president of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Indiana, one against Congressman E. A. Morse, the other against Editor N. A. Mowton of Attleboro, were formally entered in the United States circuit court. They grow out of statements made by the congressman while on the stump and it is said published in Mowton's paper. The plaintiff sues the congressman for $5,000 and the editor for $10,000.

Curtis Held a Political Office.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—William E. Curtis, director of the bureau of American republics, has tendered his resignation in accordance with a request made by the president. Some time ago he intimated to Secretary Gresham that he regarded his office as a political one and that his resignation was at the disposal of the administration.

Priests and Politics.

ROME, May 16.—The ministry of justice is preparing a bill which will prevent priests from meddling with politics at elections. This is supposed to be the government's answer to recent reports that the Vatican would try to move Catholics to more determined opposition to the quirinal at the next general election.

REFLECTS ON SIMONDS.

Charges Made Against the Ex-Commissioner of Patents.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—For some weeks past rumors have been in circulation in the interior department which have brought into serious question the official conduct of W. E. Simonds, late commissioner of patents. Several days ago one of the more prominent firms of patent attorneys in this city wrote a letter to Commissioner Seymour, stating that they had received information from a source believed to be trustworthy that certain applications in the celebrated telephone case of Daniel Drawbaugh in the secret archives of the patent office had been copied under the authority of Mr. Simonds, while commissioner, by parties outside of the patent office, all of which was contrary to law. They asked that an official investigation be had and that they be informed of the facts in order that they might take such action as the interests of their clients might seem to warrant.

Upon the matter coming to the attention of Secretary Smith he immediately ordered an investigation which, it is understood, is practically completed. It is stated, however, that the forthcoming report of the investigation will contain facts of a character not easily explainable. It is also rumored that other important applications pending in the patent office have also been copied in violation of law. It is further stated that during the latter part of Mr. Simonds administration of the patent office he compiled a pamphlet containing ninety-six pages of closely printed matter entitled "Condensed Treatise on the Law of Patents." This pamphlet, which contains approximately 53,000 words, is said to have been typewritten by government clerks during office hours. Other allegations of an equally serious character are made by persons who claim to be in a position to know the facts.

Nebraska Impeachment Trial.

LINCOLN, May 16.—The defense began unloading its guns in the impeachment trial, but the session was brief. Mr. Knapp and Dr. Hay, past and present superintendent of the asylum for the insane, knew of no frauds in the furnishing of supplies and could not see how the board of public lands and buildings was reasonably expected to be better posted. Furthermore they doubted if there were frauds of any magnitude. Attorneys for the defense called attention to the reports of superintendents of state institutions, showing them to be economically conducted. The state objected to the reports going in as evidence and the court took the matter under advisement.

Pallister's Body Found.

SING SING, N. Y., May 16.—A body was found in the Hudson river off Sing Sing and has been identified by State Detective Jackson and Principal Keeper Connaughton of the prison as that of Pallister, the murderer of Policeman Kane. The body was very much decomposed. A bunch of keys found in the clothes were identified by Mr. Connaughton as those taken from the guards by Pallister and Roehle at the time of their escape from the deathhouse of the prison, nearly a month ago. The body was found in the river by two fishermen and brought to Sing Sing dock. The coroner has been notified and will hold an inquest.

Not Charges but Sufficient.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Referring to the requested resignation of Sturtevant, for twenty years at the head of the stationery division of the treasury Secretary Carlisle says: "I make this change after mature deliberation, and upon complaints from responsible sources. I will not call them charges but they were sufficient to warrant a new appointment. The idea that any officer under this government is essential to its efficient administration is absurd. I propose to put in his place an able and broad guage man, who will manage the purchase of stationery just as well as the deposed official."

Editorial Duel Off.

MEMPHIS, May 16.—The Carmack-Collier duel is off. Their mutual friends induced the belligerent editors to select friends to prepare terms of peace. Carmack selected M. O. Galloway and Josiah Patterson. Collier chose General George W. Gordon and J. H. Martin. The four picked out A. D. Gwynne and the five prepared a settlement to which both would-be duelists agreed. The settlement provides that the past shall be forgotton and the harsh language retracted, and that hereafter the editors shall abstain from making faces at each other.

Swift on the Terre Haute Postoffice.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 16.—Lucius B. Swift, editor of the Civil Service Chronicle, who has been in Terre Haute to investigate the conditions which brought about the trouble in the postoffice there, has returned to this city. He says the situation there is fully as bad as has been described and the civil service laws have been violated with impunity. Mr. Swift and W. D. Foulke have prepared a report of their observations in the matter, which will be sent President Cleveland and to Postmaster General Bissell.

The Professor of Bacilli and His Wife.

BERLIN, May 16.—The wife of Professor Koch, the celebrated bacteriologist, recently procured a divorce from her husband, and the professor has now been ordered by the court to pay her one-fourth of his income. It is announced that Professor Koch will marry a young actress who is at present playing at Barnay's theatre.

A 14-Year-Old Boy Hangs Himself.

NEW YORK, May 16.—Andrew Keller, a 14-year-old boy, who lived at 611 East Sixteenth street and worked in William J. Hummer & Co.'s wood working establishment at 419 East Houston street, hanged himself by a check rope in the freight elevator of the latter place. He was dead when found.

The Paris Has Bad Luck.

LONDON, May 16.—It now transpires that the steamship Paris, of the American line, which sailed from New York on May 6, at the same time as the Cunard steamship Campania, arrived in Southampton at 1:40 on Saturday afternoon, and ran aground at the entrance to the dock, thereby delaying the disembarkation of the passengers.

Arrested as a Counterfeiter.

VINCENNES, Ind., May 16.—United States Deputy Marshal S. P. Jones has arrested A. J. Johnson on a charge of passing counterfeit money. The prisoner was taken to Indianapolis for trial. Johnson is a local detective.

And This from the Turk.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 16.—The censors have caused to be seized many copies of Harper's magazine containing Schlegel's poems, which they pronounce immoral.

NO MORE "COMPLETED FILES."

Lochren Revokes Raum's Famous System and Gives His Reasons.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—Pension Commissioner Lochren has revoked the celebrated "completed files" order of his predecessor, Raum, and returned to the practice in vogue before 1889. Whenever any evidence is received in a case hereafter the file card of that case will be put on top of the file box. Lochren says the Raum system entails extra labor without compensating advantage; that it works injustice to certain claims by taking up other claims out of their order; that claims are certified by lawyers as being complete, raise delusive hopes in the claimants, which hopes are in many instances never realized.

He says that thousands of claims are certified by attorneys as being complete, when, as a matter of fact, no evidence whatever has been filed in support of the claims, and this has been done as many as five or six times on one claim. The system does not provide for the great number of rejected claims, and this works injustice to the claimants. The file clerk, sometimes new to the service, cannot by a hurried examination of the evidence determine whether it meets the requirements of the examiner. In fact Lochren finds the system worthless and full of injustice and discrimination.

DONNELLY SUED FOR $25,000.

War Between the Factions of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The Times St. Paul special says: The war between the two factions of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance reached a climax when Dr. Everett W. Fish, editor of The Great West brought suit against Ignatius Donnelly for $25,000 for defamation of character and against George L. Stoughton, editor of The Representative. Senator Donnelly said over his own signature: "I plainly, distinctly and unequivocally charge Everett W. Fish, while editing a newspaper called The Great West, with having at different times and especially during the political campaigns of 1890 and 1892, while pretending to support the reform ticket, taken large sums of money, amounting to thousands of dollars, from the officers of the Republican state central committee. I make this charge deliberately, and invite Everett W. Fish to begin proceedings against me for libel."

MRS. JOHNSON'S ALIMONY.

It Is the Largest Ever Awarded by the Courts of Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, May 15.—Thirty-five thousand dollars alimony, the largest amount in the history of Minnesota courts, has been awarded Mrs. Helen M. Johnson who in 1876 at Lake City, Minn., was married to A. M. Johnson, the wealthy Chicago steamboat man, who also has branch offices in New York, Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis and half a dozen other large cities.

Mrs. Johnson charged in her suit that six years ago Johnson quietly secured a divorce from her in Chicago and immediately married Miss Emma Drabble of Columbus, Wis. Mrs. Johnson also alleged that no proper service of the papers had been made on her. Judge Otis decided that Johnson's divorce was valid so far as separation was concerned, but owing to the apparent irregularity of the service of the papers the court awarded her the custody of their 11-year-old daughter and $35,000 alimony.

COUPLING PIN BROKE.

Nine Men Plunge to a Frightful Death in a Michigan Mine.

HOUGHTON, May 15.—The bodies of Allen Cameron, James Cocking, Joseph Pope, John Rodgers, John Hicks, Andrew Edno, Robert Wuopia, Michael Leavitts and Con Sullivan, who were killed in the Calumet and Hecla, were recovered from the depths to which they fell and are now ready for the inspection of the coroner's jury.

The men went down in the morning to make repairs and timber up the machiney so that miners could drill and blast week days. They were coming up at noon for dinner when the indicator failed to respond and the cage crashed up into the roof of the shafthouse. The coupling pin broke and the cage dropped over 3,000 feet. An accident as serious never before occurred in the history of copper mining.

FRIGHTFUL HOLOCAUST.

Village Nearly Destroyed and Five Persons Cremated.

WARSAW, Ind., May 16.—The village of North Galveston, ten miles northwest of this city, was almost totally destroyed by fire at an early hour in the morning. The residence of J. J. Jackson, among others, was consumed and the entire family, consisting of himself, wife, two sons and a daughter, perished in the flames. Several other persons were badly burned. Many families lost their entire earthly possessions and made their escape clad only in their night clothes. The village has no fire extinguishing apparatus, and being off the line of a railroad, it was impossible to get a message to this city in time to secure aid. The loss is estimated at $75,000. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

Prohibition Executive Committee.

CHICAGO, May 15.—The national executive committee of the Prohibition party held a meeting at the Sherman house. The party intends to begin work for the next presidential campaign at once and this meeting was called for the purpose of devising and perfecting a plan of state work which will, when completed, be submitted to the state central committees for their approval. The plan will include besides the usual lectures and political speeches a series of great Sunday gospel temperance meetings in all the larger cities.

Tackled a Big Job.

OWENSBORO, Ky., May 15.—One thousand women of Owensboro have banded together and pledged themselves to wage a crusade against the liquor dealers and manufacturers. They will adopt the plan followed in the famous temperance crusade fifteen years ago, singing, praying and exhorting in front of the saloons. Owensboro has sixty saloons and manufactures more whisky than any city of its size in the world.

A Veteran of Two Wars Suicides.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—Stephen L. Kearney, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, committed suicide at his home in this city by shooting himself in the head. He had been an invalid for a year, suffering from rheumatism and heart troubles and mental depression over his failure to get well caused the deed. He was a drummer boy in the Mexican war.

WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

First Meeting at the Art Institute in Chicago.

THE WHOLE WORLD REPRESENTED

Women from Russia Introduced to Canadians and South Americans Fraternize with Their Sisters from Sunny France—Subjects Which Will Be Discussed at the Congress—Some of the Prominent People Who Are Present.

CHICAGO, May 15.—Over twelve months of infinite labor, involving correspondence with every portion of the civilized globe, culminated in one of the most truly representative and brilliant gatherings of women that has ever assembled. The scene was the Hall of Columbus in the new Art institute on the lake front, now occupied for the first time, and the event the opening of the world's women's congress, the first of the series of World's fair congresses that will constantly succeed each other week after week until the end of October. Nearly seventy organizations, composed exclusively of women, together with many hundreds of societies and associations, are represented in the congress, and the roll of those that will participate contains over five thousand names. There will be as many as twenty-five congresses each day in addition to mass meetings in the halls of Columbus and Washington, which have a seating capacity of 3,000 each, and every subject of interest to the sex from religion to marriage prospects, is to be elaborately discussed.

Welcomed by Mrs. Henretin.

The delegates were prompt in getting to the Art palace, and prior to the opening of the proceedings proper they indulged in an impromptu reception which was delightful for its lack of formality. Women from Russia were introduced to women from Canada, South Americans fraternized with their Feench sisters, stars in the theatrical world exchanged confidences with women who had made their mark in the pulpit, leaders of the two rival Women's Christian Temperance unions exchanged compliments. Prior to the opening of the congress proper there were brief ceremonies under the auspices of the Congress Auxiliary, the organization responsible for the gathering. The congress proper was called to order in the hall of Columbus

MRS. CHARLES HENROTIN.

shortly after 11 o'clock with an address of welcome by Mrs. Charles Henrotin, vice president of the woman's branch of the Congress Auxiliary. She faced an audience that filled the hall to overflowing. Among those on the platform or in the front seats were the Countess of Aberdeen, Elizabeth Cady Stanton of New York, Jane Cobden Unwin of London, Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, Mme. Quesada of Peru, Mary McDonnell of Canada, Laura O. Chant of London, Lilly Devereux Blake of New York, Josefa Zeman of Bohemia, Frederikke Olesen of Denmark, Senorita d'Alcala of Spain, Maethe Schirmacher of Germany, Tavthe Vignier of Switzerland, Florence E. Kollock of California.

Foreign Representatives.

Mrs. Henrotin's hearty and cordial address of welcome was followed by an address on the World's congress of representative women by Mrs. May Wright Sewell of Indianapolis, who outlined the objects of the congress and alluded to the subjects that will be presented in the various convention halls. A number of foreign representatives were then introduced and responded on behalf of their respective countries. Most of the representatives spoke in the language of their own country. Marie Stromberg responded

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

for Russia; Sigrid Magnussen for Ireland; Mme. Quesada for South America; Isabella Bogelot, Ernesta Urban and Cecile Ranoz for France; Jane Cobden Unwin, Florence Fenwick Miller, Marie Fischer Lette, and Laura Ormiston Chante for England; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Tilley, Mrs. Tilley, Mrs. Dr. Todd, Mrs. John Harvie, and Dr. Emily Howard Stowe for Canada. In the afternoon there was a public reception to the women of all nations in the same hall, and in the evening the welcoming exercises were continued and the delegates from Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Australia, Finland, Greece, Spain, Bohemia and Scotland were presented.

Charles C. Bonney's Address.

After Mrs. Sewell an address of extreme length was delivered by President Charles C. Bonney of the World's congress auxiliary. He paid a tribute to the late Secretary Blaine for the earnest and untiring co-operation which he had given both personally and through the state department to the movement, also eulogizing Cardinal Manning, Lorp Tennyson, and John G. Whittier, all of whom had promised their co-operation, but had passed away before their promise could be fulfilled. The congress, he said, meant the dawn of a new age, with peace as its leader, and it proclaimed the universal fraternity of learning and virtue as the best means by which ignorance, misunderstanding, prejudice and animosity could be removed, and intelligence, charity, productive industry, and happiness be promoted. What had seemed a splendid, but impossible dream, today became a present reality.

To Visit the Naval Academy.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The following persons have been among others appointed members of the board of visitors to the naval academy: G. C. Menzies, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., and William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio.

LEGISLATION FOR ILLINOIS.

Both Houses Seem Inclined to Do a Little Business.

SPRINGFIELD, May 10.—The senate made the bill requiring all public treasurers to account for interest on public funds a special order for Tuesday and then did nothing with it. The senatorial apportionment bill was passed as it came from the house. The bill to appropria $287,500 for Joliet penitentiary to keep the convicts there at work under the new law was passed. The house did not have a quorum because the Republicans had decided to break it pending the senate's action on the apportionment bill. The Democrats did not have all their members on hand and so adjourned.

SPRINGFIELD, May 11.—The senate has passed the "Torrens" land title bill and the bills appropriating $44,600 to the eastern insane hospital and $892,000 for legislative expenses, etc. Also the bill appropriating $109,750 for the northern insane hospital, and that appropriating $100,000 for an industrial home for the blind. A number of appropriations were advanced to third reading, all of them for state institutions, and bills were introduced appropriating $240,000 to the central and southern insane hospitals to enlarge their capacity.

The house advanced the anti-trust bill to third reading. It requires all corporations under the state law to file each year affidavits denying that they are members of any "trust." The bill defining trusts was also advanced to third reading, as was the anti-pool-selling bill, which was amended to include East St. Louis. It was agreed to hold afternoon sessions hereafter. The bill providing for salaries and expenses of the state board of agriculture was sent to third reading after striking out $600 for crop reports. The butterine bill was recommitted.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 12.—Representative Meyer's death was known before the house met, but it was hastily arranged that it should not be publicly announced until the house had acted formally on the senatorial apportionment bill. The bill was called up first thing and final action taken as soon as the Republicans had spoken against it for the hour granted them. The Democrats were all on hand and the vote was 77 yeas and no nays, Republicans declining to vote. The house then adjourned inhonor of Representative Meyer. The deadrepresentative had a first-class war record, and though wounded never applied for a pension. The senators also adjourned, and most of them went home.

SPRINGFIELD, May 13.—In the house after some routine and unimportant business Berry moved that when the house adjourn it stand adjourned until Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and the motion prevailed. Then an hour was wasted trying to get a roll-call on adjournment, those who were in favor of doing a day's work being determined that those who wanted to waste the day should record themselves. The roll-call was finally obtained and adjournment won—49 to 16. In the senate there were only seven members in their seats.

TERRE HAUTE'S POSTOFFICE WAR.

A Question in Civil Service Reform Presented.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 15.—The postoffice war is ended here so far as possession of the office is concerned, but there is a much larger question which the Washington administration will have to settle, and which will be a very embarrassing one, because if it is settled one way the civil service people will wax wroth, and if the other some influential politicians will feel badly. The great object of Donham, the Cleveland appointee, was to get possession of the office before the civil service examination had been held for employes of the office.

And the reason of this was that Donham had an idea, gathered from Attorney General Olney's opinions, that if he could obtain possession before the examination he could "fire" all the carriers then employed and appoint new ones. By force, with the sheriff—who had refused to interfere when appealed to by Greiner because it was none of his business—in the crowd Donham, got possession of the postmaster's room, but Greiner had the postoffice and continued the business until the day's work was done, which was what he insisted on doing from the start. In this he was backed up by the postmaster general.

As soon as Donham got possession of the room he gave notice of dismissal to all the employes, but they paid no attention to it and did the business of the office as usual. The examination came off and the Democratic aspirants, thinking that as Donham was in charge they need not attend, stayed away from examination and, according to civil service rules, have lost their chance entirely. An important fact is that Special Examiner Bailey has been here during the whole row and has taken position against Donham on nearly every point. The case promises to become famous in civil service reform annals. The examination which has had so much to do with the matter was set for a week ago, and postponed on representations made by Senator Voorhees at Washington.

The fact that William Dudley Foulke and L. B. Swift, Indiana civil service reformers, have interviewed Donham makes it more likely that the case will be a famous one. Donham has made a "clean sweep" "subject to approval at Washington." He told Foulke and Swift that he did not believe in civil service reform, but desired not to defy the law but to avoid its effect. The cause for removal was general insubordination, he said, the old employes having resisted his attempt to take possession of the office by force. Foulke asked if the postmaster general had not also been insubordinate, as he had decided for Greiner, and Donham said he did not know but he had.

Beat the Eastern Record.

QUEENSTOWN, May 12.—The new Cunard line steamship Campania, Captain Haines, which sailed from New York for Liverpool on May 6, has arrived at Queenstown, having made the passage from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 5d. 17h. 42m., the quickest passage eastward yet made by any steamer. The passengers cheered enthusiastically upon coming into the harbor and the crew of the Campania showed much jubilation over their victory.

Editors in Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 15.—Handshaking, sightseeing about town and visits to Jackson park made up the programme of the National Editorial association. Some five hundred delegates are in attendance at the Mecca hotel. Thirty-fourth and State streets, where the convention will hold its session.

Geary Act Constitutional.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—The supreme court through Justice Gray has sustained the decision of the New York courts in favor of the constitutionality of the Geary exclusion act. Justice Brewer dissented.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

George Ross of Liberty, Ind., gave up chewing tobacco several years ago and began chewing newspapers as a substitute. He has died from the effects of the poison in the printer's ink.

George H. Rouse, a bookmaker of Dallas, Tex., was found dead in his bed in a St. Louis hotel. He had taken an overdose of morphine.

James Dougherty of Peoria, Ills., has filed an application at the treasury department for the collectorship of the Peoria district.

General Longstreet has visited Gettysburg battleground for the first time since he helped General Lee organize and conduct that disastrous attack on the federal position thirty years ago.

C. B. Fry, who has just taken highest honors in the classics at Wadham college, Oxford, is the World's champion amateur broad jumper.

The Rev. David C. Ullery, a Dunkard minister of South Bend, Ind., has been made the defendant in a divorce suit, his wife charging that she has been subjected to cruel and inhuman treatment.

* * *

Marshfield, Wis., at an election has voted in favor of a bonus of $20,000 for the erection of a state normal school.

Miss Bradshaw of LaHarpe, Ills., 22 years old, and a life cripple, while despondent placed the muzzle of a revolver to her temple and blew her brains out.

Ten suspicious characters were arrested on a train entering Lima, O. It was thought they intended to hold up the passengers.

John Jorxoff committed suicide at Beardstown, Ills., by cutting his throat. He had been drinking.

Jackson Bros., shoe merchants of Danville, Ills., made an assignment to Harry Freeman. The assets and liabilities are about $12,000 each.

Chaplain Brown post, G. A. R., of Valparaiso, Ind., has let a contract for a memorial building to cost $9,950.

James Harkins of Delphi, Ind., who brought libel suit for $10,000 against Nathaniel Bowen, of the same place, has been awarded $1,633 by a Logansport jury.

* * *

Both of Jefferson Davis' war pastors are alive, and will attend the reburial of the body of the late Confederacy's president at Richmond, May 31.

The tools of non-union teamsters and graders in Columbus, Ind., were destroyed. The union men, who are on a strike, deny any connection with the matter.

The St. Louis United Elevator company has declared a dividend of 5 per cent.

Arthur Davis' jewelry store at Portland, Ind., was entered by thieves and fifty watches and 100 gold rings stolen.

Editor Carmack and Col. Collier of Memphis signed articles providing for an arbitration of their difficulties.

Suit has been begun at Galesburg, Ills., against the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen on a $1,000 insurance policy. Two women, both claiming to be the widow of the insured, H. Timlin, are interested in the suit.

All the workmen in the Ide foundry, Springfield, Ills, have gone out on a strike owing to the discharge of four-year contract apprentices.

* * *

Permission has been granted Jacob D. Benton and others to organize a bank at Longola, Ills., with capital stock of $35,000.

Mrs. Laura McAlpin, aged 60 and demented, escaped from her house at Columbus, Ind. She was tracked to the White river. It is believed that she drowned herself.

The 3-year-old daughter of Charles McCrants of Goshen, Ind., was caught under a wagon wheel and instantly killed.

Adjutant General Orendoff of Illinois has issued an order confirming the election of William E. Hernville as major of the Second infanty.

Governor Fishback has offered $250 reward for the arrest and conviction of any of the mob which hanged the two negroes at Bearden, Ark. The governor says that the only way to stop lynching is to hang a few lynchers, and he wants to see it done.

Frank Shiffer, a drainage contractor, was killed on the Chicago and Alton railway at Lemont, Ills.

Governor Altgeld has pardoned James McMahon, a boy sentenced for three years to the penitentiary for burglary committed in Chicago. He had served one-half of his sentence.

* * *

Lou Trenck, on preliminary hearing at Brownstown, Ind., was held for trial for the murder of Henry Faedler.

Joseph Empky of Richmond, Ind., 63 years of age, was struck by a Panhandle freight train while crossing a bridge and instantly killed.

John Reagan was shot and fatally wounded at Red Key, Ind. He does not know the name of his assailant.

William Cleary of St. Augustine, Ills., has sued James Barnes, president of the board of trustees, for $5,000, claiming that the latter had him discharged from the employe of a saloon keeper.

Workmen struck a vein of natural gas while digging a drain near Decatur, Mich. It is the first vein found in southwestern Michigan.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him **Hood's Sarsaparilla** which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Id. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 20, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Augustin Daly's Company.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Fencing Master."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Annie Pixley.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—Ada Gray in "East Lynne."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

BALFOUR'S CRASS IGNORANCE.

Mr. Arthur James Balfour, formerly chief secretary for Ireland, is the author of an interesting book entitled "The Philosophy of Doubt." THE CITIZEN, in view of his recent oratorical antics, would suggest to him to give as a sequel or companion volume to the foregoing, a work which he might call "The Philosophy of Ignorance." Salisbury's precious nephew is, no doubt, a learned man in many respects. He is known to be a laborous and ardent student during the hours left him by the exigencies of politics; and it would be idle to deny that he is a brainy and clever man as well. His high reputation for a complete knowledge of the classics as well as of the various systems of philosophy in vogue since the days of Plato, may be and is probably well deserved; but there is one subject on which his mind and memory are blank, and that is the history of Ireland.

In a recent speech delivered by him in the house of commons he is reported to have said that before the English power went to Irelend, "Ireland was a collection of tribes waging constant and internecine warfare without law or without civilization. Although the law now-a-days," he adds, "is imperfectly obeyed, and although civilization may be imperfectly comprehended in that country, all the law and civilization of Ireland is the work of England." This statement is a gross violation of historical truth. There is not the shadow of a shade of foundation for such a monstrous libel. If this Scotch-English politician had anything like an adequate knowledge of Ireland's past, he would have known, nor could he have ignored, the fact, that according to the best and most impartial authorities Ireland was in the early days of its independence a land of learning and civilization; that even before the advent of Christ it had a national parliament at Tara, where the Brehon laws—the best-framed and strictly judicial code of statutes that ever saw the light since the Twelve Tables of Moses—were conceived, drawn up and promulgated. Universities flourished within the four seas of Erin when British savages roamed naked on the banks of the Thames. In after years, when the primitive Britisher had thrown off his war paint, and gave up his fig-leaf nudity for the old Roman toga, King Arthur, of Round Table fame, had to leave his native land, and come to Innisfail for his education. All these and many other facts prove the utter and malicious absurdity of Mr. Balfour's assertion.

Even for hundreds of years after the arrival of Strongbow in the land, the overwhelming majority of Irishmen were governed by their own chieftains, elected by Clans in every portion of the country outside the English Pale—a strip of territory on the east coast, which was described by Sir Henry Marne, an Englishman himself, "as the running gore of that unfortunate island." If the civilization that Ireland possesses today were the offspring of the "superior" English mind, Irishmen would have followed the standards of that notorious adulterer, Henry VIII., in his rebellion against the church; they would have become the victim of a thousand conflicting religious creeds; they would in the social world have regarded marriage as a human institution, and revelled in the liberty of divorce whenever it so suited them; they would have such little respect for family ties that they would flog their wives as they would their dogs; while in the political sphere they would go abroad as canting missionaries with the bible in one hand, and as fierce marauders with the sword in the other, fattening and battening on benighted savages. As for the English laws that have obtained in Ireland, they were all, or almost all, penal and coercive. They were executed at the point of the bayonet, or through the instrumentality of the rack and the gibbet. Such, Mr. Balfour, have been England's harmonizing attempts for the amelioration of the Emerald Isle.

THE POPE'S PEACE POLICY.

Recent cablegrams inform us that it is the intention of Pope Leo XIII to issue an encyclical to the Great Powers of Europe appealing to them to disband their respective armies, and thus hasten the era of international peace and tranquility. Should this report prove true—and there is no special cause for doubting its authenticity—the supreme pontiff will have acquitted himself of a task which will redound not only to his own credit but also to that of the church of which he is the spiritual ruler. Leo in starting such a laudable project reveals himself once more in the true light of a Christian teacher. His divine mission as the standard bearer of Christianity is to inculcate peace and good will among men, to foster the brotherhood of humanity, and create a spirit of amity and sympathetic feeling between the nations of the world. His coming encyclical will in all probability be the political gospel of the future.

That such a document, emanating from such an august authority, is necessary in the present condition of Europe no one will be rash enough to deny. The Old World is actually bristling with rifles and Krupp cannon. Germany, Austria, and Italy on the one side, and Russia and France on the other are preparing for what many competent judges look on as the great, final, and inevitable conflict, which, we are told, is destined to plunge Europe in a deluge of blood. That such a calamity should, if possible, be averted is a proposition which ought to commend universal favor. It is to this gigantic task that the patriarch Pontiff of the Vatican is now about to devote the entire powers of his genius, and his statesmanlike capacity. The wishes of THE CITIZEN are for his complete success. If he induces the Great Powers of Europe to see the financial folly of their conduct in supporting big battalions of troops, and if he persuades them to disarm these useless soldiers, the crowning climax of his glorious career will have been reached. Humanity as well as Christianity would be benefitted by such an evolution.

AN AUTOCRATIC KAISER.

Kaiser William is on the warpath once more. This time it is not Bismarck but the reichstag that he aims at annihilating. After having dissolved the present parliament because it refused to pass Chancellor Von Caprivi's army bill, the emperor threatens the future legislature with condign punishment if it should dare, like its predecessor, to reject his pet project. "I hope," he said, "the coming reichstag will adopt the military bill; but if it should refuse to do so, I am determined to carry the bill into effect despite the unpatriotic opposition." If the German empire is ruled by a constitutional and parliamentary system of government, the kaiser's action in such a crisis as that hinted at in the final portions of his remarks just quoted, would be decidedly illegal and arbitrary. The young man has evidently little respect for his parliament, or he would not have signified his premeditated resolve to ride rough-shod over its decisions. The present occupant of the German throne is inclined to be as much an autocrat as the czar. The models in history whom he would fain imitate, if the occasion required it, are Louis XIV of France, Cromwell of England, and Frederick the Great of Prussia, one of his own immediate ancestors. Louis was, as most persons are aware, the author of that famous dictum in which one finds the very essence of the pretensions of kingly autocracy "L'Etat—c'est Moi" with a capital M. In other words the French monarch was the French nation incarnified. He had the supreme and sole control of the destinies of his subjects. Cromwell had such an utter contempt for legislation and legislators that he instructed his soldiers to drive the English members of parliament out of the house at the point of the bayonet, and close the doors of that windy establishment. The lord Protector's instructions were scrupulously obeyed. Frederick the Great used to say, "I hold Prussia in the hollow of my hand. I can do with my kingdom just what I please!"

Louis, Cromwell, and Frederick lived and ruled in an age when it was the fashion for the so-called common people to bend the knee to thrones or to cower in fear and dread at the feet of an adventurer who waded to power and dominion through an ocean of innocent blood. Kings and protectors were in those days the objects of a fetichistic worship on the part of the masses who were too ignorant to known that their idols were figures of clay. The French Revolution of 1789 swept away the popular delusion. Since then the people everywhere, knowing their rights, dare to maintain and vindicate them in the very presence of royal or imperial purple.

Despite their attachment to the House of Hohenzollern, the German race love liberty more than they do imperialism. Kaiser Wilhelm may strain the loyalty of his subjects to such an extent that a general revolt against his authority might become one of the possibilities of the immediate future. In any case the people's reichstag cannot now-a-days be snubbed with impunity—even by its own emperor.

THE MOORE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

Everything is now arranged for the proper celebration of the Moore anniversary at Central Music Hall, on Saturday evening, May 27, and a glance at the programme, printed on another page, will show that a finer array of talent could hardly have been selected for the proper rendering of the great Irish National poet's immortal lyrics. The ladies who will grace the occasion, Mrs. Maude Wells, the Misses Kate and Alice Coffey and Mrs. Clara Murray, are well and favorably known in musical circles, not in Chicago alone, but throughout the country; and the same can be truthfully said of Mr. M. J. Murphy, the famous baritone; Mr. E. J. Quinlan, Mr. John J. Wynne and Mr. William Middelschulte. The Gaelic version of "The Bard's Legacy"—one of the sweetest of the old Irish airs—will be rendered by Mr. James M. Corrigan, a young gentleman who is an ardent devotee of Gaelic song.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, will preside and deliver the opening address. "Moore and His Kindred Poets" will be Mr. Finerty's subject on the occasion. It is hoped to realize a large sum—to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Moore in this city—from the proceeds of the entertainment, and an unusually large house is anticipated. Arrangements have been made to have the box-office at Central Music Hall open from Monday, May 22, until the evening of the performance, in order to facilitate the sale of reserved seats. For further particulars, consult the programme on the 5th page of THE CITIZEN.

ENGLISH PRISON HORRORS.

Mr. Fred Allan, vice-president of the Dublin Amnesty Association, was permitted on a recent occasion to visit the Irish political prisoners at present located in the dungeons of Portland. The unfortunate captives whom he interviewed were John Daly, Henry Wilson, Albert Whitehead, I. Featherstone, I. Curtin and Henry Burton. John Daly asked his visitor to convey to the people of Dublin his warm gratitude for the activity they were showing in the amnesty movement. "I am not," he said, "foolish enough to believe the statements of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien that the activity shown by the men of Dublin and Limerick will injure the cause of amnesty. Tell all our friends not to forget us, poor fellows, who are wearing our lives out in the cells of Portland." Mr. Henry Wilson, who was a young lad of 21 at the time of his arrest ten years ago, has aged considerably, owing to the tortures that have been inflicted on him. Messrs. Wilson, Whitehead, and other Irish-American prisoners made inquiries as to the possibility of the American government taking up their cases, and discussed with Mr. Allan the best means to that end. Much disappointment, we are told, was expressed by all of them that the promises made on behalf of President Cleveland before his election had not been redeemed by that gentleman's friends and political associates since the 4th of March.

All the prisoners looked weak and ill. The brutal treatment, which they receive at the hands of British warders, has told severely on their physique, and in certain cases has affected even their reason. Dr. Gallagher, whom the visitor did not see, is reported to be a mental wreck. Featherstone, who was present on the occasion of Mr. Allan's visit, seems to have become a monomaniac, while Albert Whitehead has grown quite eccentric, as the following reference to both in Mr. Allan's account of them goes to prove:

"Featherstone is down-hearted and depressed, decidedly queer in manner, reticent in speech, and altogether gives the idea that his mind has been weakened. It was pitiful to listen to him proclaiming his opinions as to the uselessness of the amnesty movement, the uselessness of visiting him, and, in fact, the uselessness of doing anything at all for him. He is strongly convinced that he will never get out of prison, and it is quite evident this depressing thought having becoming firmly fixed in his mind, is gradually wearing down his health. But if there is some doubt of the stability of Featherstone's mind, there is none at all as regards Albert Whitehead. He came into the visiting room eagerly, and rambled away for the entire time allowed him in the most foolish fashion. The poor fellow thinks that all that is necessary to get his release is to obtain a hundred signatures to a petition, or to get a couple to go bail for him, and he appealed again and again to Mr. Allan to have this done. His visitor tried to bring him on to questions relating to his case, but in vain. There was nothing, he said, against him but the spite of the Conservative government, who knew he had always been more friendly to the Liberals. There was no use in going into his case, he said. All that was necessary was to write to the home secretary about him, and he would let him out. Little the poor fellow understood that the most uncompromising foes of amnesty have been the two latest Liberal home secretaries."

Despite all its palavering promises, the British government of today is as bitterly prejudiced against these captives as the worst of its Tory predecessors. Asquith, the present Home Rule jailer-in-chief, is more intense in his hatred of them than was the Conservative Matthews. The Downing street gentry, not content with keeping Daly and his comrades in durance vile, are encouraging the wardens of the prison in which they are confined, to torture and demoralize these unfortunate victims. They have broken down the once splendid constitutions of these men, and have made maniacs of several of them. And yet Mr. George Keenan, Mr. Reviewer Stead, and other English writers are never tired telling the public of the indignities committed on political prisoners in Russian dungeons, while at the same time they have no indignation to expend on the insufferable brutalities heaped on Irish Nationalists in the prison pens of England. The Englishman thus shows himself in the true colors of a canting hypocrite. He does not, or rather he does not pretend to, see the beam in his own eye, while calling attention to the mote in that of his neighbor.

It only now remains for the Irish people to protest vigorously and unanimously against such vile treatment as that dealt out to their imprisoned compatriots, and to demand their immediate release, without which any Home Rule bill, however adequate, would be "a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

MRS. HART'S IRISH VILLAGE.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who has been laboring in the cause of Irish industry for a dozen years, will open her Irish Village at Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair on Friday afternoon, May 26, at 4 p. m. The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan will preside. A picked body from the Gaelic Athletic Association will form an escort of honor for his Grace. Addresses will be delivered by the Archbishop, Messrs. M. P. Brady, John F. Finerty, and also by Mrs. Hart. The musical programme will comprise an opening ode "The Star Spangled Banner," led by the Village Blacksmith, from Donegal, and chorused by the villagers in a body. There will also be vocal and instrumental selections, including renditions of Irish airs on the harp by Mrs. Clara Murry. The exercises will be held in the dining hall of Donegal castle. Admission will be 25 cents, and the proceeds will be devoted to the development and support of the work.

A SET OF ROYAL BEGGARS.

A little over a year ago the hearts of cockney shopkeepers, as well as those of millions of other flunkeys, who still believe in the right divine of kings, were beating with loyal glee and enthusiasm at the news of the betrothed of Prince Albert Victor, second heir to the British crown, and of Princess May of Teck. The business men of the British capital saw in the forthcoming marriage a prospect of that rush and roar of trade consequent on aristocratic patronage which meant for them so many shekels in their respective tills. The masses who cling to the Wettin dynasty, as barnacles do to rocks, were glad that the royal family was now on the eve of extending itself to another generation in the direct line. Before, however, the merry bells could toll, or the parson bestow his nuptial benediction on the young couple, the prospective bridegroom was hurried to his grave by an attack of pulmonary consumption. Though the deceased prince was quite a commonplace individual personally, the press lauded his virtues and capacities to the skies, and the public echoed the delusion regretting the "loss" entailed on the empire by his premature demise. Sympathy went out from all quarters to Victor's widowed *fiancee*, who almost wept her eyes out, and broke her loving heart in two, grieving for her dear, dead darling, and, like Rachel, refusing to be comforted. It was a decidedly pathetic picture, and for the first time in history outsiders began to believe that John Bull had at least a few grains of sentiment in the tissues of his bloated and obese carcass.

A year and some months have passed by since then, and lo! what a change! The tears of the pretty Princess May have long since ceased to trickle down the satin smooth surface of her rose-tinted cheeks. The poor dead *fiance* that was lies forgotten under the cumbersome slab of a solitary tomb, and there are none in the land so poor as to do his memory honor. His virtues and capacities have disappeared in the radiance of the rising "sun of York," who is none other than his brother Prince George, the present idol of the volatile and fickle British people. It is a threadbare axiom to say that dead men's shoes are easily filled. Prince George not only stepped into those of the defunct Victor, but has also stepped right royally into the appreciations of his brother's widowed *fiancee*—with the result that their marriage has been fixed for the month of July. The heart of the winsome May, which had been rent in twain by the cruel hand of death a little over a twelvemonth ago, has been spliced and knitted in one again by the surgical skill and amatory fervor of the bonnie Prince George of Wales! And now that we are once more on the eve of another Wettin nuptial feast, the cockney bosom thrills once more with joy and the pulses of the masses beat double-quick time over the prospect of such a glorious event. Their ideas on the matter are faithfully interpreted by one of their bards, Alfred Austin—who has long since prostituted his talents to the service of royalty—in the following limp and broken-backed stanza addressed to the future Princess George:

"Lift up your gaze from the ground,
Maiden mourning too long!
Lift up your heart at sound—
The sound of a bridal song.
And the new year bringing a living lover
To banish the old year's wrong!"

This is a sorry glorification of the traffic of royal hearts. "The king is dead; long live the king!" Love can have no place at such a ghastly feast. If the maiden loved the old love, she cannot love the new. Yet British public opinion will endorse the union, and the Dean of Westminister, holding a fee of one thousand guineas in his pocket, will call down God's blessing on the "happy couple."

There is, however, a practical side to every marriage. Financial considerations have generally much to do with matrimonial matches in this hard granite-paged age of ours, when love in a cottage has become a delusion of the past. Princess May, of Teck, has not one red cent to dispose of in her own right. Her parents are as poor as the proverbial church mice, and cannot provide their daughter with even a decent trousseau. The bridegroom, to be, depends for support on his father, and cannot hope to maintain a wife respectably unless Wales gives him an annuity of fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Wales, however, is anxious to shirk this responsibility, and is at present actually at work trying to influence Mr. Gladstone to induce the house of commons to settle an adequate fortune on the penniless couple. If Mr. Gladstone should propose any such grant it will be looked upon as a distinct breach of trust by the independent members of the chamber: for some years ago the salary of the Prince of Wales was raised to $150,000, and the present of $1,000,000 was made him on the specified condition that in future he was to provide for his own children without any further assistance from parliament. Crippled, however, as he is by gambling and other debts, he is mean enough to break, or rather to attempt to break, that compact. He attitudinizes as a beggar before his future subjects. Money passes through his hands as sand does through a sieve for the satisfaction of his base and sensual appetite, and yet he expects the people of England and Ireland to pay the piper in order that he may revel the more in his congenial debauches. If the members of the house of commons accord such a grant, and the people approve of it, they both will deserve the contempt and opprobrium of the civilized world. Footing the bill for Royalty's vices is a depraved and utterly corrupt spirit of generosity.

A VICIOUS HOME RULE "PATCH."

Up to date two clauses of the thirty-five contained in Gladstone's Home Rule bill have been adopted. The debate drags along wearisomely. Gladstone, Monday, accepted the amendment of Sir Henry James that "the supreme power of the imperial parliament remain undiminished by any proviso of the Home Rule bill." This, in effect, is Poyning's law, against which Flood and Grattan fought. We are astonished that Gladstone should accept such a vicious amendment, introduced for the purpose of rendering the Home Rule bill nugatory; and we are doubly surprised that the Irish members sat, like spaniels, in their seats and never made a protest. It seems to us that the infamous precincts of the British parliament sap the manhood of Irishmen. Where was Redmond of the silver tones? Where was Harrington? As for Justin McCarthy, we expected nothing but acquiescence in anything the Whigs might offer from that easy going, low voiced old gentleman, who, in the graphic words of the late Benjamin Butler, is "debauched by literature."

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN'S MEETING.

A very large and interested audience assembled in Central Music Hall last Tuesday evening, under the chairmanship of Mayor Harrison, to listen to speeches by the Countess and Earl of Aberdeen, William J. Hynes and others, on the subject of Irish industries, in connection with the Irish Village, under the auspices of Lady Aberdeen, at the World's Fair. All the orators were happy—Lord Aberdeen himself approaching the humorous. The Countess claimed to be descended from the O'Neills, who were once the royal rulers of Ireland. It is evident that her ladyship has overcome some of the prejudices of her illustrious ancestors, who, for the most part, hated the Scotch as "Auld Hornie, Nick, the Deil or Clootie" is said to abhor holy water. The governor-general-elect of Canada must be a man of powerful persuasion. Miss Josephine Sullivan, of Dublin, played the harp most acceptably; and the vocal numbers of the concert were well rendered. Quite a comfortable sum was realized for the benefit of Irish industries.

THE Hon. John Ballances, premier of New Zealand, died a few weeks ago in Wellington, in that colony. The deceased statesman was a native of Ireland. These Irish rule everywhere they live except at home.

THE CITIZEN regrets to chronicle the death of the Rev. Dr. Conway, bishop of Killala, Ireland. The late prelate was an unobtrusive patriot. He assumed no dictatorial attitude, whether in the public arena or not, believing as he did, that every Irishman had a perfect right to his political convictions—even though these convictions were opposed by a majority of the hierarchy and clergy.

ALL lovers of Irish literature will be glad to learn that Dr. Douglas Hyde, the well known Irish scholar, is about to issue a volume on "The Songs of the Connacht Bards." The book will contain a large number of peasant songs taken down by the author in the original tongue with literal and rhymed translations. Dr. Hyde is also engaged on a work on the general characteristics of Irish poetry which will give the public an idea of the many extraordinary rhymths, rhymes and assonances common to the Gaelic bards, who used many hundred metres.

THE Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, at present imprisoned in Holloway jail, London, for contempt of court, is having a high old time of it by all accounts. Her apartment is furnished with a handsome brass bedstead draped with oriental curtains, two easy chairs, a couch upholstered in plush, an oval table, a writing desk, a pier glass, a wardrobe with plate glass panel, and sundry other luxurious articles of furniture. It is stated that the duchess is permitted to use her own plate, and also her own wines. If she were not a titled lady she would have been given a dreary, comfortless cell, and skilly. What grovelling snobs these Englishmen are! Their kotowing to the old nobility is positively disgusting enough to turn the strongest stomach.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR is aiming to become quite a journalistic *pater familias*. He announced recently that in a few months he would be associated with certain large journalistic enterprises; but with the *Weekly Sun*, his chief pecuniary and literary interests are bound up. He regards the latter publication, it appears, as his favorite child. Affectionate Tay Pay!

AN English Tary, named Sinnock, speaking to a Unionist audience in Sussex lets off the following vitriolic steam: "Mr. Gladstone is a lie incarnate. The Irish are a wretched crew. If Mr. Gladstone were not so old, he would be shot, and the man who would shoot him would not deserve much punishment. Mr. Gladstone is a traitor. A traitor should be executed." This is the bloodthirsty bunkum that now falls from the lips of these self-styled apostles of law and order. It proves that Unionism has become actually desperate in its attempts to stave off what are destined to be accomplished facts.

IT is satisfactory to note that the tide of emigration from Ireland is decreasing. According to official statistics just published, it appears that only 51,000 emigrants left Ireland in 1892, eight thousand less than the record of 1891. The total number of natives who left Irish ports from the 1st of May, 1851, to the 31st of December, 1892, reaches the stupendous figure of 3,518,383—1,857,315 males and 1,651,068 females. Such a colossal exodus has no parallel in the world's history.

THAT stormy petrel of latter day Irish politics, Mr. T. M. Healy, has at last received his quietus. The committee of shareholders of the *Freeman's Journal* has relieved him of his duties as one of the directors of that newspaper. Thus Tim's ambition to step into the shoes of the late Dwyer Gray, and thereby become the leading power in the Irish press, is happily nipped in the bud.

THE obstruction policy, which has invented by the late Joe Biggar, and which was used so effectively by him and Parnell some ten or twelve years ago, has recoiled on the Irish representatives of today. Obstruction has now become the instrument of the anti-Home Rulers in parliament. No less than five hundred amendments are already on the registry book in connection with the Home Rule bill which can hardly be passed this session through the lower chamber.

THAT poetical rhapsodist, Charles Algernon Swinburne, has just delivered himself of an anti-Home Rule tirade couched in his usually verbose vocabulary. In this ditty he refers to the Almighty as the real framer of the union between England and Ireland, and adds the sapient remark that fraud and fear shall never undo what Heaven has done

What does this snivelling sensualist know of either God or Heaven? The author of "Laus Veneris" posing as an interpreter of Jehovah's decrees regarding Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule is a spectacle of revolting and irreverent audacity. When Swinburne was a Radical minstrel, he once penned a stirring lyric denouncing the Manchester martyrdom, and on a certain memorable occasion addressed the house of peers in the refrain: "Clear the way ye lords and lackeys!—out and clear the way!" Age has evidently cooled these quondam revolutionary instincts of his. He has degenerated into an antediluvian Tory.

"CLEAVE to the land" is not, evidently, President Cleveland's motto—so far at least as Hawaii is concerned.

JOHN BURNS, M.P., the great English democrat, was extravagantly, if not blasphemously, metaphorical in his remarks to the workingmen of London on the 1st of May. "Machinery now-a-days," he observed, "was the crown of thorns on the head of the labor Christ who was being crucified between the two thieves of Capital and Landlordism." Mr. Burns has apparently a very rich and vivid imagination, which may sometimes carry him a little too far.

UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR EUSTIS' induction to office in Paris was attended with all the pomps and mummeries peculiar to royal ceremonials. What about the much vaunted simplicity of republican institutions?

IT is reported that Mr. Ruskin has been appointed poet laureate of England. Mr. Ruskin's poetry is as much below par as that of any third-rate English bard, and in strict justice would no more qualify him for the bay leaves than a knowledge of hogology would fit a man for a professorship of mathematics. His metrical effusions are mere commonplace verse. His prose works, including that *chef d'oeuvre*, "The Stones of Venice," are on the other hand the most classic contributions recently made to the pages of his country's literature.

THE CITIZEN regrets to chronicle the demise of Ald. John O'Brien ex-mayor of Cork city. The late alderman was a staunch and uncompromising Irish patriot. Light lie the Irish turf over his revered remains!

THE Gaelic Athletic Association in Ireland is fast losing the virile stamina which formerly made it one of the leading forces of true nationality. At a recent convention held at Thurles that body repealed one of its statutes by virtue of which the Royal Irish Constabulary were excluded from all participation in its games. The Gaels have now consented to fraternize with the menials and myrmidons of foreign rule. Alas for the Gaels!

MR. JOSEPH HOWARD, JR., is disgusted with the World's Fair. The mud of Jackson Park has, it seems, bespattered the broadcloth that drapes his journalistic limbs. Joseph's liver is evidently reeking with bile. Chicago and its Exposition will, however, survive the gall venom of this saucy scribe.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Celt," City.—You are right. Wolfe Tone's widow remarried; but her second marriage, unlike that of Pamela Fitzgerald, was not unfortunate. Tone's son edited his father's memoirs.

"J. O'C.," St. Louis.—The A. P. A. is a society, as its initials indicate, of arrant political asses. Its members are a hybrid breed composed of North of Ireland and Canadian Orangemen who audaciously profess to be immaculate American patriots! Ninety-nine out of every hundred of these bigots are in reality British subjects.

"Philomath," Lowell.—Your poetry on the Home Rule bill does more credit to your heart than your head. THE CITIZEN objects to your feeling of gratitude to English Liberal statesmen for the "boon" they are about to confer on Ireland. Home Rule is only an installment of that justice to which the Irish people have a God-given and inalienable right.

VALUABLE OBJECT LESSON.

Education and Instruction Combined With Entertainment.

An annex to the World's Fair of the most sterling interest to visitors is Buffalo Bill's Wild West, located just outside the Sixty-second and Sixty-third street entrances to the Exposition. The study of the native American Indian and the white frontiersman is a subject of a most appropriate nature in its relative connection with the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus and the efforts made to supplant the sway of the savage and in its place build an empire which is the crowning glory of civilization's progress.

This camp is an object lesson of incalculable value, showing as it does the Red man camped in primitive style on the same ground where one hundred years ago his forefathers lived and battled with the advance guard of Caucasian settlers. Little dreamed he, in his untrammeled freedom, that his descendants would in this day be smoking the pipe of peace and eating the salt of the hated paleface in the latter's camp of sky-scraping brick and mortar wigwams.

Within a short distance was the scene of the dreadful Chicago massacre, where the retiring garrison of Fort Dearborn were treacherously slaughtered. It is eminently fitting that the manners and customs of the rapidly vanishing aboriginal race should be here shown in actual daily life. European students of ethnology have expressed their high appreciation of the value of this exhibition as a means of acquiring definite knowledge of the habits and mode of life of the Indian tribes.

Education and instruction are here combined equally with the entertaining qualities that have made Buffalo Bill and his Wild West the sensation of the century in two continents—a veritable kindergarten, equally valuable to adult and youth of all nations.

Comparison is aided, study is assisted and enjoyment increased by the augmentation of the Wild West idea by the addition of exemplars of the Rough Riders of the World, including the Indian, Cowboy, Cossack, Mexican, Guacho and representative horsemen of the cavalry of the armies of the great nations of the world. This promises to be a feature of the Exposition year.

FONTENOY RECALLED.

[*Boston Globe, May 15*]

Boston Theater contained a most enthusiastic audience last evening ere Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, had fully entered upon the heroic history of "The Irish Brigade in the service of France." The soul-stirring verses and strains of Ireland's bards had paved the way for Mr. Finerty's glowing recital.

Mrs. John W. O'Mealey, soprano; Mr. James F. Woods, tenor; Mr. W. H. Milliken, baritone; Mr. B. J. Curtin, reader; Mr. Thomas F. Crosby, cornetist, and Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, pianist, all contributed to the preparations for the feast that was to come.

Hon. John E. Fitzgerald introduced as the chairman Judge John W. Corcoran, who received a very warm welcome.

Ex-Congressman Finerty opened with the reminder that the occasion was the 148th anniversary of an achievement that had made the race famous, the charge at Fontenoy. As his tall frame began to expand with each new flight of eloquence one could behold the typical example of a natural orator. Period after period he poured forth in the description of the most important engagements, holding the listeners spell-bound by the vivid pictures which he presented to their intellects with the skill of a trained war correspondent.

Before entering upon the story of the Irish Brigade in the service of France he told of the causes which led them to depart from their native land seek refuge in exile.

The great movement under the leadership of Hugh O'Neil, the honorable capitulation at Limerick under Patrick Sarsfield, and all intermediate events, were dwelt upon and vividly described.

The magnificent deeds of the Irish soldiers who entered the service of France 20,000 strong were next related. Every famous battlefield, Cremona, Cassano, Ramillies, Oudenarde, each was portrayed with the skill and fire of one who had participated in and described many a fierce engagement.

Finally he came to Fontenoy, the last great engagement between the Irish exiles, and their Saxon foes. After telling, in his own words, the thrilling story of Irish valor, he recited Thomas Davis, famous poem on "Fontenoy" which evoked a loud burst of applause.

He concluded by narrating the courageous deeds of the Irish volunteers in the late civil war at Malvern Hill, Antietam and Marye's Heights, and applied to them the motto which the Count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII, had emblazoned upon the banner which he presented to the remaining representatives of the Irish Brigade when they were dismissed from the service of France in 1792—"Semper et Ubique Fidelis"—"Always and Everywhere Faithful."

There was a large gathering of representative gentlemen on the platform and in the audience. Among them were the Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Marshal W. W. Doherty, Senator Edward J. Leary, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Colonel P. T. Hanley, Deputy Superintendent of Streets Phillip Jackson, Representative Daniel P. Toomey, Councilman Daniel D. Rourke, ex-Councilman Michael W. Norris and Messrs. P. J. Flatley, Eugene Davis, D. B. Cashman, Thomas Riley, John S. Wilson, D. W. Mahony, J. B. Regan, M. F. Lee, John B. Doherty, T. H. Duggan, Ald. M. Dinneen of Maiden and Dr. H. V. McLaughlin.

SISTER CAROLINE QUEENSBERRY.

[*To the Editor.*]

From the clouds of Ireland's noble witnesses for her rights, Sister Caroline asks you in their name and Ireland's, by what right, either her children or those who enslaved her by the grossest corruption, bribery, force, fraud and every species of sin, by what right do they make laws for Ireland in a foreign parliament, whether it be in Dublin or at Westminster? By what right have Irishmen taken it upon themselves to sell the rights of the Irish Nation? There is no body of men competent to make laws for Ireland, excepting the parliament of Ireland, which still exists. How then is it that a foreign parliament is constructing a new species of parliament under its own power, for the ancient Nation? More wondrous still, how is it that Ireland's sons are assisting in this condonation of all evils, upon which a terrible curse rests? Sister Caroline asks this in Ireland's name, and in the name of the noble patriots—clouds of witnesses around. She requests that this question be publicly put, and publicly answered in the name of God and Ireland.

SCOTLAND, May 4, 1893.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	1,583 70
Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Granite county, Montana, per Denis Gildea	29 50

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills. The home will be presented to Mrs. Curley on May 18.

German Press Opinions.

The German press has been warmly congratulating the English Liberals on the second reading of the Home Rule bill. The *Vossiche Zeitung* says: "Nothing can abate the importance of Friday's division, when at the call of its great leader the whole Liberal party stood up and confessed with him the tremendous injustice under which Ireland has so long suffered, and admitted the legitimate claims of her sorely tried people." The *Berliner Tageblatt* states that "nothing was more significant than the radiance which illuminated the Prince of Wales' face upon the announcement of figures."—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

FOR THE CITIZEN.

IRELAND'S CHARTER.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Not by the votes of men alone, or the
voice of a parliament,
Can a land start forth from bondage—
a queen in her beauty rare,
Unless she be worthy of freedom, and
hold in her bosom blent
A martyr's grit and a hero's strength,
and a will to do and dare.

No force, no fraud could ever quell the
spirit of liberty—
No chains were forged that could ever
bind the limbs of the brave and
bold;
In ages past our faith was tried on the
rack and the scaffold tree,
Yet time hath not changed our loyalty
—we are still what we were of old!

As the seed that the husbandman soweth
in the keen cold frosts of spring,
Which ripen in summer's sunlight, and
glow 'neath the autumn moon,
So our forefathers planted in sacrifice,
in pain and in suffering
The grains that shall burst to harvest
bloom through the glens of our
isle full soon.

Our right to our own is penned on the
vault of the Irish sky,
On the emerald land whose battlefields
are the graves of no coward clay,
On the belt of crags that gird her shores
with pillars of granite high,
On the circle of seas that weave for her
feet laurels of milk-white spray.

The charter of freedom is ours today by
the claim of our national pride—
It thrilled the speech of our felons
fighting for justice and right:
Kissed by their lips ere they perished—
stamped on their souls ere they
died,
It shall never be rent or tattered by the
power of alien might!

In a chrism of glory anointed, the greatest of states took birth;
Laved with the blood of their sons,
they bravely and gallantly trod
The slopes of the steep Golgotha to win
them the fruits of the earth:
Oh, parliaments come from the handwork of man—Nationhood only
from God!

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICE FARLEY.

On May 8 Division No. 36, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Hyde Park, lost one of its most valued members, in the death of Mr. Patrick Farley, who passed away after a short illness, regretted sincerely by all who knew him. While a member of the Ancient Order Mr. Farley was an active, zealous brother, warmly interested in the welfare of all, eager for the advancement and elevation of the Irish race. In the Cathotic Order of Foresters he proved himself a conscientious, practical Catholic, anxious for harmony among the members and eager for the good work of the order.

The funeral was attended by a large number of members of the above orders wearing their regalia. The floral pieces presented by mourning friends were numerous, and handsome in design.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions on the death of Mr. Patrick Farley were adopted at a recent meeting of Division 36, Ancient Order of Hibernians:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved and esteemed brother, Patrick Farley, and

WHEREAS, Brother Farley, while a member of our division, has always proved himself to be a true brother and active worker, ever zealous for the betterment of the Irish race and advancement of the principles of our order, endearing himself to all as an affectionate husband, a loving father and kind friend: Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Division No. 36, A.O.H., hereby tender to the family of our deceased brother our warm and sincere sympathy in this their hour of affliction, earnestly hoping that the Father, who doeth all things well, will enable them to bear their heavy burden of sorrow; furthermore be it

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, published in THE CITIZEN, and spread upon the records of the division.

Signed: James M. Ryan, William H. McMahon, M. J. Pierce, committee on resolutions.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

LITERARY.

A New York daily paper, taking up the idea conveyed in Flammarion's exciting novel, "Omega: The Last Days of the World," has interviewed a number of the leading men in all professions as to what they would do if science were to predict tomorrow that the end of the world would arrive within the next thirty days. The answers are various and curious, and heighten the interest which is felt in the second part of Flammarion's great novel, which appears in May *Cosmopolitan*. It is a question which everyone will find interesting to ask himself: What would you do if within six weeks the end of the world were certain? Probably no novel which has ever appeared in an American magazine has been more elaborately illustrated by more distinguished artists. Laurens, Saunier, Vogel, Meaulle, Rochegrosse, Geradin and Chovin all contribute to the explanation of the text.

A clever story of another kind is that of the new English novelist, Gilbert Parker, in the same number. "American Society in Paris" is an article of another kind, but one which will interest all who have had occasion to make even a short residence in the French capital. *The Cosmopolitan* scores a success in producing in its May number, almost simultaneously with the daily papers, an elaborate description of Prof. Gray's marvellous invention, the Telautograph, which reproduces the handwriting, or the work of the artist, simultaneously, thousands of miles distant from the place where the writer or artist is sitting. Mr. Howells' purpose in "The Traveler from Altruria" is, month by month, becoming more evident, and is now receiving wide attention at the hands of the critics all over the world.

The publishers of *McClure's Magazine* have arranged for a serial story of adventure by Robert Louis Stevenson. The scenes of this story are laid in Scotland. Mr. Howells, Bret Harte, Mrs. Burnett, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Hardy are among the list of writers of short stories for *McClure's Magazine*.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

"How to obtain a Postoffice or Custom House position." Full information and pointers on the examinations, in a new book just published. "How to Obtain a Government Position." 25 cents. By mail. HAWTHORNE PUBLISHING CO., 1108 Unity Building, Chicago.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Unjust Taxation.

It is unjust to tax the stomach with burthens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful servitor until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetters Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a result of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquilized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall. MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

FORT DEARBORN NATIONAL BANK

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, May 4, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$2,020,445.86
Overdrafts		412.04
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Other stock, bonds and mortgages		185,879.06
Due from other National banks	$137,231.79	
Due from State banks and bankers	59,587.45	
		216,819.24
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		16,104.51
Checks and other cash items	$1,021.28	
Exchanges for clearing house	94,922.85	
Bills of other banks	26,790.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	551.28	
Specie	196,758.25	
Legal tender notes	163,130.00	
Redemption fund, with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
		485,432.66
Total		$2,985,093.37

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$500,000.00
Surplus fund		75,000.00
Undivided profits		4,013.96
National bank notes outstanding		41,500.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$1,396,934.52	
Demand certificates of deposit	424,902.79	
Certified checks	53,369.26	
Cashier's checks outstanding	51.48	
Due to other National banks	221,633.37	
Due to State banks and bankers	362,687.99	
		2,361,579.41
Total		$2,985,093.37

State of Illinois, Cook county, ss.
I, L. A. Goddard, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. L. A. GODDARD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of May, 1893. CHAS. E. FARNSWORTH, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: JOHN A. KING, JOHN B. WITBECK, D. K. HILL, Directors.

1779. 1893.

HONOR TOM MOORE!

The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S GREAT POET,

—AND—

One of the Greatest Poets Produced by Any Nation,

Will Be Celebrated by a Musical and Literary Festival at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS, ON

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, '93.

The proceeds will be devoted to the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Thomas Moore in this city.

PROGRAMME:

1. Organ Solo, Fantasie, Moore's Melodies.....
Mr. William Middelschulte.
2. Opening Address, by the Chairman.....
Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.
3. Baritone Solo, "O, Where's the Slave So Lowly".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
4. Soprano Solo, "Erin, the Tear and the Smile".....Moore
Mrs. Maude Wells.
5. Harp Solo, "Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
Mrs. Clara Murray.
6. Baritone Solo, "Believe Me if All".....Moore
Mr. Edward J. Quinlan.
7. Contralto Solo, "Meeting of the Waters".....Moore
Miss Alice Coffey.
8. Gaelic Version of "The Bard's Legacy".....Archbishop McHale
Mr. James M. Corrigan.
9. Contralto Solo, "The Harp That Once".....Moore
Miss Kate Coffey.
10. Address, "Moore and his Kindred Poets,"
Mr. John F. Finerty.
11. Tenor Solo, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
Mr. John J. Wynne.
12. Harp Solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen".....
Mrs. Clara Murray.
13. Recitation, "The Battle of Fontenoy".....Dowling
Mr. John Lane O'Connor.
14. Baritone Solo, "Night Closed Around".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
15. Quartette, Selection.....Moore
Mrs. Maude Wells, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. John J. Wynne, Mr. E. J. Quinlan.
16. Closing Ode.....
Mr. M. J. Murphy.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, Parquette and Circle	**$1.00**
Dress Circle	**75 Cents**
Balcony	**50 Cents**

Boxes, First Floor, $7.00; Dress Circle, $5.00; Balcony, $4.00. Box office will be open for the sale of Reserved Seats on Monday, May 22, and up to the evening of the entertainment.

BERNARD CURTIS, Chairman and Treasurer. WILLIAM C. McCLURE, Secretary.
JAMES J. EGAN, P. McHUGH,
F. D. KINSELLA, PATRICK O'CONNOR,
JOHN F. FINERTY, GEORGE B. HENNESSY,
M. J. KEANE, Committee of Arrangements.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG,
Attorney-at-Law,
ROOM 809 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,
112 CLARK STREET
CHICAGO.
FORMERLY WITH WINDES & SULLIVAN.

SHOURDS & KASPER,
STATE & RANDOLPH STS.
Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 186[illegible] Open Evening

THE SAD YEAR.

May, blighted by keen frosts, passed on to June—
No blooms, but many a stalk with drooping leaves,
And arid summer wilted these full soon,
And autumn gathered up no wealthy sheaves.
Plaintive October caddened for the year,
But wild November raged that hope was past,
Shrieking, "All days of life are made how drear—
Wild whirls of snow, and death comes driving fast."
Yet sane December, when the winds fell low,
And cold, calm light with sunshine tinkled clear,
Hearkened to bells more sweet than long ago
And meditated in a mind sincere:
"Beneath these snows shining from yon red west
How sleep the blooms of some delighted May,
And June shall riot, lovely as the best
That flung their odors forth on all their way.
Yes, violet spring, the balms of her soft breath,
Her birdlike voice, the child-joy in her air,
Her gentle colors"—sane December saith—
"They come, they come—O heart, sigh not 'They were.'"
—E. W. Thomson in Youth's Companion.

FOR WEAL OR WOE.

Doubtless Jane Dobbins and Arthur Lathers thought that they were very clever when, in the first bloom of young love, they had a memorial photograph taken together with her gentle head fondly resting on his gallant breast. There were to be only two impressions struck from the plate, and, oh! what a consolation each one would be for the awful hours of separation—an ever present sign of ineffable bliss! But they never fancied that the plate retained its reproductive powers, nor that it was destined to fall into the hands of the vengeful George Percy, and when they reckoned without George Percy they reckoned without a host.

For this young man was romantic of temperament and ingenious of mind. From his earliest perception he had known and loved Jane Dobbins. From his earliest perception he had vowed that she should be his, and so in the heyday of his discretion, having seen her ruthlessly torn from his mental embrace through the diabolical arts of a hated rival, he swore that he would have his revenge. Of course he must dissemble—that was an essential of the passion. Arthur and he had always been good comrades, and so they must continue. He must congratulate the happy pair with false words and a hollow smile. He must, and he did.

But time was his friend, so avaunt despair! The lovers were young, and their complacent parents had declared that they must wait. Aha! Was he not man enough from the nettle Opportunity to pluck the flower Success? Only bring on the nettle! Meanwhile he would watch and wait. It was at the acme of this conviction that Arthur one evening in a flood of that crass confidence, which is half the pleasure of being in love, showed the picture to George. Alas, the blindness of fate! Among the mental ingenuities with which George was endowed was a very pretty taste for the natural sciences. Chemistry, through its facility in producing light from darkness, sound from silence and smell from scentlessness, had always appealed to his imaginative qualities.

At school he had been allowed the run of the laboratory—and sometimes a run from it—and there was nothing in the nature of smoke, stench or explosion which he had not generated. He went further in a day than Faraday did in his whole life, and as for Daguerre he could take care of him without half thinking. Indeed, in time photography became a delightful avocation to him, and its mysteries were camerical not chimerical.

He had gained a well deserved reputation as an amateur operator, and, it so happened, had long been in the habit of developing his work in the very gallery where the young lovers had so wantonly made light of their sacred emotions. And more, he was so engaging in manner and so generous in returning favors that he had the use of the establishment and came and went as if his will was a centurion, a latchkey being his guide by night. All of this Arthur well knew, and all of this he clean forgot in the selfish rapture of displaying his happiness.

But George remembered, and when he had carelessly read the maker's name on the back of the photograph he could scarce restrain a start and the conventional chuckle of foreseen revenge. In a flash came an idea which gradually developed into a full grown purpose. He could, he would, he did. He knew many a secret of the craft. Now was the time to call that knowledge to his aid. One night he searched, and he found the plate. He searched further and he found negatives of Susie Graham, a great friend of Arthur's and of Robert Prince, an ardent admirer of Jane's. With infinite care he prepared new plates, and lo! when he had developed these and taken their impressions there were two pictures, one of Arthur and Susie and the other of Robert and Jane, in the identical conjunction of affection in which it had seemed clever to Arthur and Jane to exploit their young love.

"Aha!" hissed George with a half suppressed mirthless laugh as he pulled his hair over his brow and rolled his eyes, which shone with an infernal fire. "Aha! I have them on the hip, and I'll feed fat the ancient grudge I owe them."

And well he might laugh as one who laughed last. The following week the little Jane, while dreaming idly of her felicity, received an anonymous package and wept. The following week the ardent Arthur, while impatiently counting the days of his probation, received an anonymous package and swore. The next day two notes, pregnant with grief and resentment, crossed each other.

FAITHLESS ARTHUR—I return the ring and other presents. All is over. So never, never speak again to JANE.
read one.

FICKLE JANE—Since you no longer love me, I beg to herewith transmit your letters and the slippers you sent me last Christmas. I think they are just his size. I remain, yours indignantly, ARTHUR.
read the other.

"How shameless!" sobbed Jane when she received the letter. "What nerve!" growled Arthur as he tore the former into bits. And thereafter the hearts that had beat as one throbbed most independently as two.

Arthur was seen smoking on the street, and thus became a warning of dissipation. And George, who now called assiduously on Jane, found his anticipated joys almost as enlivening as a Quaker meeting, for the poor child was glum and distraught and too simple to hide it. Her cheeks grew wan, and the sparkle of her eyes deadened into melancholy. Her parents became alarmed, fearing a decline, and as absence is a remedy long since declared standard they decided to send her on a visit to her Aunt Abigail in the metropolis.

George heard the tidings with consternation. Was this the end of his chicanery? Then he had been deceived. Heroines truly had the unpleasant habit of fading, but they always married the villain before acquiring it. Must he yield to remorse, to despair? No; at least he knew when she was going—at least he might receive her parting glance. So he hied to the station and entered the car where she sat listless and dejected. "Goodby, Jane," he whispered. "Will you not write to me? You know how constant I've been even when it was hopeless."

"I hate you!" said the girl, with a sudden burst of instinctive passion.

And George sped to his room and butted his head against the wall—but not too violently, for it was but lath and plaster, and his landlord was unfeeling—and vowed that of all sour things the sweets of revenge were the sourest. Thereby he dimly perceived that treachery is a boomerang in unskillful hands.

Meanwhile Arthur, having established recklessness, did not pursue it. He was energetic in business, and sorrow made him more so, thus requiting him with pecuniary damages. His employers sent him to the west, where he was successful in his mission. This mission then took him to the metropolis, where he reassured its success and made himself famous. Misfortune is a sickening dose to swallow, but once down it may change depression into exultation and tears into smiles.

But Arthur didn't think so. It is easy to philosophize after the scar, but not while the wound is yet raw. He was very blue when leisure permitted his thoughts to be absorbed with self and grew fond of thrusting his hands deep in his pockets and moodily soliloquizing, "It was always so," probably from a childish reminiscence of "that dear gazelle."

One wintry afternoon during his stay in the metropolis, being especially misanthrophic and time dragging with him, Arthur got into an up town stage, for its lumbering misery seemed commensurate to his humor. He ensconced himself in one of the farther corners, and in each jolt and bump discovered similitude to the course of his existence. Passengers came and went, but he heeded them not. They went more than they came, until he was alone, alone with the straw, and the rattling glass, and the dangling straps. Then he likened himself to a prisoner in a tumbrel on the way to execution and became almost cheerful in the thought. Oh, if it were only true! He would send a lock of his hair dipped in his blood by one of the haughty minions, and then her stony heart would melt—that being a natural attribute of all stones.

The stage stopped. A young lady entered and took a seat by the door. She extended her fare, and Arthur forgot himself sufficiently to take it. As he did so he gasped, and well he might, for it was Jane's little hand that he touched—his Jane, alas, his no longer! What was she doing alone in the great city? Could she be lost, or wandering from a disorder of reason? Could she have recognized him from a distance and followed through the throng? No, she seemed composed and at ease—indeed far too much so. She evidently had not noticed him, for her eyes were demurely cast down. She had not, and she should not. Arthur drew his hat over his brow, but not so low as to prevent him from glancing askance, in which he found a proper though melancholy pride, and shrank back in his corner as much as the vibrations would permit.

Oh, how pretty, how sweet she looked! Was it possible that one so fair could be so false? Yet were not these terms correlative, and was not seeing believing? Had he not the damning proof in his inside pocket, gnawing away his vitals like a Spartan boy's fox? But yet she was so pretty, so sweet! Did ever coquette possess such a pure face, such a maidenly mien? Yet she had allowed her picture to be taken with Robert Prince in that very position which their troth had sanctified, and who knew but that half the young men of their native town had similar trophies? Oh, yes, she was so pretty, so sweet, but beauty was only skin deep. Alas! Arthur found only faint consolation in the saying, for he realized that like Mercutio's wound it was quite deep enough for him.

Arthur sighed so fervently that he must have attracted notice, but at this instant the stage lurched and fell to one side. There was a scream, a shout, and for a moment the separated lovers were as thoroughly mixed up as their unfortunate affairs were, for one of the hind wheels of the vehicle had come off and rolled away as if disgusted with lack of patronage and about to set up business on its own account.

The attraction of the accident was speedily overcome by the repulsion of recognition.

"Mr. Lathers!" cried Jane, and bounded on the uppermost seat like a chamois.

"Miss Dobbins!" growled Arthur, making a dive for the door. But it was jammed. Push and strain as he might, he could not budge it. The only result of his exertion was a very red face, whose glow Jane seemed to catch and faintly reflect. He tried a window, but as he felt as much like a camel as it looked like a needle's eye he soon desisted, and sinking into the lower corner, which gave him the sensation of being caught in a chasm, he abandoned himself to Wertherlike despair.

The driver now leisurely descended and stood at one side, proud in the faith that his horses required no attention from him, as they yet had sufficient strength to stand alone.

"Yez 'ull hev to stay in until yez gits out," he said consolingly. "But I'll not be after chargin yez dooble."

By this time a crowd had collected and began, after the fashion of crowds, to theorize regarding the accident. Some maintained that it was of no moment since the stage would go as comfortably on three wheels as it had on four. Others that the imprisoned passengers were lucky in their confinement, since if it was protracted there would be no lack of fare. A messenger boy in a piping voice volunteered to run for a doctor and provoked incredulous laughter at the likelihood of his running. This gave Arthur a chance to display his magnanimity.

"Stand back," he shouted, "and give the lady air." As if a stage ever wanted for this essential except in warm weather!

But the throng, impressed by his vehemence, withdrew to the sidewalk, and stamped feet and chafed ears as if, like the Roman sentinels at Pompeii, they couldn't desert their posts—i. e., lamp-posts.

"Thank you, Mr. Lathers," said Jane in tones akin to the tip of her nose.

"There was a time when you wouldn't have said 'Mr. Lathers,'" replied Arthur.

"Yes, and not an hour ago."

"You knew me then?"

"I saw you. I didn't recognize you."

"And yet my heart is the same as of yore."

"Toward Susie? Yes? How interesting!"

"What am I to Susie, or Susie to me—I, who am maligned, bereft, discarded?"

"You should feel at ease now, Mr. Lathers."

"And why now, pray?"

"On the stage, you know. You are such an actor."

"At least I haven't the craze for indiscriminate picture taking. That seems to be a feminine characteristic."

"You haven't? To think that any camera could have twice sustained the shock of that smirk! Oh, it is too ridiculous!"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, you do not?"

"Pray, Miss Dobbins, in this enforced association, which no one could regret more than I, let us not yield to idle recrimination. The past is dead; let the dead bury it. I shall await our deliverance with resignation, and then bid you godspeed."

"Some sort of speed would be acceptable. But 'resignation?' If that posture is your idea of resignation, I'd rather look uncomfortable."

"You have your wish. How is the view up there?"

"I can see a man in a well with the rope dangling just out of reach."

"Yes: he has escaped the noose."

"That is flattery for a contemptuous rejection."

"Miss Dobbins, permit me as an old family friend who has your best interests at heart to warn you to be more discreet. Our town is such a small place, and the young men are not sufficiently cultured to abstain from boastings. It is pleasant undoubtedly to have one's picture taken with one's best young man of the present. I know in my case you seemed delighted, but when these photographs multiply and begin to circulate like—like—er—comic valentine"——

"Mr. Lathers!"

"Hello!" cried Arthur as he suddenly bent forward.

"Ah!" screamed Jane as she dropped from her perch at the same instant.

Two heads then bumped as one. They recoiled, but again plunged forward, for each had seen half concealed in the straw a photograph which each had prized, but which the shock of the accident must have separated from their possession.

"That's mine," asserted Jane.

"That's mine," protested Arthur. And both having succeeded, Jane climbed triumphant to her eyrie; Arthur sank victorious into his chasm.

But why does Jane gasp and grow so pale? Why does Arthur mutter and flush so vividly? Why are the pictures held close to the light and examined narrowly, and then simultaneously torn into fragments? Why does Arthur hoist himself from the well and Jane come off the crag? Ah, kindly fate that set the wheel a-rolling and jammed the door and restricted the window frames has made George's treachery manifest. For in their haste Arthur had captured the photograph which Jane had treasured as proof of his duplicity, and Jane the one which Arthur had preserved as evidence of her fickleness.

There was a sudden movement forward and a hurrah from the crowd, for the lovers, gazing into each other's eyes, saw doubt change into faith, and aversion into devotion.

"It must have been that confounded George Percy," exclaimed Arthur.

"Forgive me, darling," sobbed Jane.

And they were infolded in a fond and ingenuous embrace.

No wonder the crowd surged and shouted. The streets of the metropolis are prolific of dramas indeed, but idyls are as scarce as daisies between the granite blocks. Cheer succeeded cheer, and when the messenger boy piped his intention of running for the parson the cheers grew more enthusiastic, and no incredulous laughter opposed.

"I'll retaliate on that Percy," said Arthur, "if it takes a lifetime."

"No, dear. Revenge pays its own debts. What has George accomplished except to make our faith in each other more assured?"

"You are right. You are always right. He will find it impossible to counterfeit the home pictures which I can foresee. Let him have the past of trickery. The future is ours, darling, for weal or woe."

"From 'wheel and whoa,'" replied Jane roguishly, with a suggestion of their accident.—New York Times.

His Last Visit.

Stranger (to small boy)—Is your neighbor Jones at home?

Small Boy—No, sir. He went to the cemetery this morning.

"When will he return?"

"He's gone to stay."—Texas Siftings.

LIFE IN OLD LONDON.

LIVELY SCENES ALONG THE HAYMARKET FORTY YEARS AGO.

A Respectable Street of Today That Once Glistened With Gorgeous Palaces Where Wealth and Beauty Passed Night After Night In Dancing.

The Haymarket of the present seems to me a thoroughly respectable, well behaved and prosperous business thoroughfare. And in the daytime, if I take a walk down the well remembered street, I am never tired of admiring the handsomeness of the buildings and the display of articles of all kinds in the spacious and well appointed shops. But the Haymarket of other days! From 11 p. m. to 3 and 4 a. m. all the year round, and Sundays scarcely excepted, the Haymarket was a wild scene of howling, yelling, shrieking revelry and deviltry. Somewhere on the site of the present Criterion restaurant there was a succursal to the Haymarket, socially speaking, in a horrible haunt of dissipation called "The Piccadilly Saloon," where rowdy people of both sexes danced, drank, smoked and fought to their own content and to the delight, I should say, of the devil who was watching them from the gallery above.

The place was rather handsomely decorated, nor were the liquors adulterated, but it was impossible to prevent disorder in a place the very foundations of which were laid in defiance of all order, and the consequence was that the Piccadilly saloon became a convertible term for permanent row and riot, the results of which went occasionally far beyond the punching of heads and the blacking of eyes. More than one of the fatal duels which began to shock society at the beginning of her majesty's reign were the direct outcome of a row at "The Pic." Bob Somebody's, in the Haymarket itself, was another resort of night birds, quite as dissipated as "The Pic," but not half so noisy, the proprietor being, apart from the equivocal nature of his business, a really worthy fellow, who exercised some kind of selection and control with respect to the guests, male or female, whom he admitted to his establishment.

It was in Panton street, however—Panton street, now so thoroughly unimpeachable from a moral point of view—that the night houses did most thickly congregate. They might be covered in horse racing phrase by a pocket handkerchief, so closely did they pollulate together. The champagne was bad, the spirits were worse, the cigars were vile and the company was mixed—that is to say, noblemen and guardsmen rubbed shoulders with rackety clerks and business men and young men from the country burning to gain an insight into London street life. The ladies were splendidly dressed, and until they had taken too much of the bad champagne they usually behaved themselves.

The night houses were not altogether indiscriminately opened to the public. You had to knock for admission, and before ingress was conceded to you a Judas wicket or trap was opened in the portal, and you were scrutinized by a janitor inside—the normal qualifications which in his eyes entitled a candidate to be inducted into the gay scene being that he should be well dressed, and that he should not be either in an uproarious or a helpless condition of intoxication. These night houses had been in existence for some years, with the full cognizance of the police, but without suffering any interference from the authorities, when public opinion having begun, through the agency of the press, to wake up in the matter, steps were taken to overhaul the licensed houses of the Haymarket and Panton street and ascertain something definite as to the character of the festivities common there—festivities which the respectable shopkeepers of the neighborhood had come to regard as a scandal and a nuisance.

A system was introduced of paying police visits at irregular intervals during the night to the more notorious places of nightly resort. The lady and gentlemen revelers would be enjoying themselves with delightful hilarity, say at 2:30 in the morning, when a knock of authority would be heard at the outer portal, and the janitor would enter the room with well affected consternation and inform the beauteous "dame de comptoir" that the "bobbies was come." "Admit them at once" was the stereotyped answer of the lovely and for the nonce law abiding female.

The janitor took a minute or so to open the heavy door, and meanwhile the waiters, who were in the joke, carefully removed every lady and gentleman's glass of champagne or tumbler of aerated water with something in it, and concealed these Bacchanalian "piece de conviction" behind the counter. Then, with solemn march and stern mien, an inspector of police, accompanied by a sergeant, made his appearance, to find only a large number of well dressed gentlemen chatting and smoking, and an equally large number of ladies, attired in the highest style of fashion, and smiling around with an expression of innocence quite enchanting to behold.

The inspector produced a notebook from his pocket and wrote something down. Whether it was the name of the house or the titles of some of the noble lords present, or a verse of the latest comic song, or the Slavonic alphabet, it did not matter much, the whole proceedings being, as the landlady knew well enough and the police authorities knew even better, an egregious and preposterous farce. The attendant sergeant did little more than cough below his right hand in a vaguely ominous and mysterious manner. Then the police would retire and the revelries would begin again, only through some curious phenomenon it was found that the wines and liquors which had formerly sparkled in tumblers and glasses had unaccountably disappeared during the time of the police invasion. Perhaps there was a night house cat which drank up all that was portable.—G. A. Sala in London Telegraph.

Journalism In Japan.

Journalism in Japan appears to be surrounded by some stern restrictions, the desirability of abolishing or amending which has lately been occupying the attention of the Japanese parliament. In Europe when newspapers offend against the law fines are inflicted on the editor, writer, printer or publisher, as the case may be. But in Japan it appears that the journalists begin by paying a fine, though the amount may possibly be returned to them in course of time, for that is the practical result of depositing sums of money with the authorities varying from 350 to 1,000 yen yearly as evidence of good faith. If fines are inflicted at any rate of less than the amount of the deposit, there can be no question of nonpayment.

A motion was made to abolish this deposit, as also the power of the government to suspend a paper which published anything calculated to disturb the public peace, but the right of suspension was retained by 81 votes to 48, and as to the desirability of demanding the security the house was unanimous. It was explained that the house felt the necessity of keeping some check on "irresponsible agitators unfit to wield journalistic influence," and there is a good deal to be said for the contention. "Women's rights" advocates will be extremely offended at one amendment which was accepted. No woman is allowed to become an editor or publisher in Japan.—Londard Standard.

Causes of Russian Influence In Asia.

A policy led by humanitarian principles, or dictated in accordance with the taste and exigencies of a free and constitutional nation, is a sign of weakness in eastern eyes, and the English, who twice evacuated Afghanistan, without being obliged to do so, are looked upon by the Asiatic either as fools or as a nation incapable to lend sufficient power to its will. There is another fact which should not be overlooked in our comparison of England's conquests in Asia with those of her northern rival.

The exploits of the British armies on the Indian peninsula have become very little known in the Mohammedan world, for the good Moslems are in general ignorant about their coreligionists in India, but the Russian victories, trumpeted in all directions, have become the subject of bazaar gossip in the most distant regions of the east.

The fame of Russian valor having been flashed abroad it is natural that the Mohammedans, overawed, should turn their eyes toward the so called invincible enemy. Their admiration increased the more they heard of the affable and friendly manners and customs of the Russians, of whom it is said that they do not betray pride and haughtiness like the commonality of unbelievers and that there are many points of resemblance between them and the Mohammedans. There really is some truth in those assertions.—Vambery in National Review.

A Smoke Burning Furnace.

The agitation against the smoky furnaces of many of the large cities of the country has resulted in a large number of patented grates, steam jets and other devices to obviate the evil. One of the simplest of these has been designed by the chief engineer of the Rookery building at Chicago. The electric, elevator and heating plants in this large structure are necessarily of considerable size, and the boiler plant has been producing an objectionable amount of smoke. To prevent this smoke Mr. W. C. D. Gillespie, the engineer in charge, has built a furnace which has a large number of orifices in front of and over the grate. When coal is first thrown on the grates, air is allowed to have access to the flames until it is seen through a small peephole that the lightest products of combustion have been burned off.

Then one hole after another is closed until just the proper number remain open to feed the necessary amount of air to the flames. A furnace of this type has been in use for several months and is reported to have given perfect satisfaction. The use of peepholes enables the firemen to watch the character of the flame at all times, and the airholes enable more air to be admitted as soon as any smoke appears.—Exchange.

Japanese Women and Sorrow.

However often I have witnessed the death of dear relations—children, for instance, or husbands—I never had occasion to observe the wringing of hands to which European women of the lower classes are so much addicted. A bitter sorrow was expressed through deep sinking of the head, grasping the hands together shedding of tears. That strong mental agony which digs into the soul, so to speak, and takes hold of it like a bodily pain seems to be unknown to them. They never "turn to heaven their faces bathed in tears," an action which to us seems not only natural and in perfect accord with the essence of grief, but is considered as beautiful and as a worthy subject of artistic representation.

In prayers the Japanese mother does not lift her eyes to heaven. With bent head, the body somewhat shrunk together, with hands put together by the palms and slightly raised to the level of the chin, she sends her humble prayer, for quite concrete things, you may be sure, to Buddha.—"Geographico-Medical Studies."

The Basis of Colorado Wealth.

The total revenue from mining in 1891 was $33,500,000. And yet the Denver chamber of commerce estimates the income from agriculture at $40,000,000, derived from the cultivation of 2,000,000 acres of land. If the value of the live stock were added as a farm product, the sum would be increased by at least $15,000,000—a wonderful showing for so new a state.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Giant English Oak.

"Winfarthing oak," according to reliable testimony, was 700 years old at the time of the conquest. William is said to have surveyed it closely before making his famous remark, "Could I live to be but one-fourth the age of this tree the world would be mine."—St. Louis Republic.

Old Silver In Paris.

The Rue de Provence is the home of the secondhand dealer in artistic wares. He is a greater power than the American pawnbroker and has a much cleaner reputation. To wander among these quaint stores is as much in vogue with the moneyed world as with the moneyless. Silverware is there in large quantities and includes every serviceable object from a souvenir spoon to a 5 o'clock tea set. All this mass has the tarnish of age and neglect to tell against its beauty, but a little polishing powder rejuvenates it, and it passes out to be recognized among its brand new fellows.

A remarkable set of souvenir spoons came under my notice in one of these stores. The half dozen represented Napoleon and his generals. Only the heads of the famous men were visible on the handles, but they were wrought with a perfection that would have done credit to a photographer. The bowls of the spoons were lined with gold, and the price of the whole combination was only equivalent to $7.

It is worth a visit to the Rue to see the piles of small trinkets that gather dust in the windows. A number of seals are 3-inch pieces of silver that show up exquisite carving. I saw one that represented the birth of Christ, with the stable surroundings brought out in surprising detail.—Cor. Jewelers' Review.

The St. Gothard Tunnel Dethroned.

The great St. Gothard tunnel, which was begun Oct. 1, 1872, and finished in 1880, is 9½ miles in length and cost $196.40 per foot throughout. At present it is the Titan of all the world's tunnels. "These cannot last forever," however, and by the end of 1895 St. Gothard will be dethroned, the great Simplon tunnel, now in course of construction, coming in with the title of "largest and longest tunnel in the world." This new claimant for Titanic honors is being built to supersede the famous "route of the Simplon," a road over the mountains which was constructed by the first Napoleon.

The Simplon tunnel will be almost one-fourth longer than the now celebrated St. Gothard, its total length from opening to opening being, according to expert calculations, 12¼ miles. In short, it is almost exactly three times the length of the St. Gothard. The old "route of the Simplon," which will be practically abandoned when the tunnel is completed, is about 38 miles in length. At present it takes 12 long hours to cross the Simplon route. When the tunnel is finished, less than a half hour will be consumed in making the trip.—St. Louis Republic.

The United States Capitol.

The United States capitol at Washington is one of the most majestic buildings in the world. It was first begun in 1793, when the north wing was founded. This was finished in 1800, and the south wing was begun in 1811. The building was burned by the British in 1814, and rebuilding did not begin until 1817. In 1851 the new extensions began, the house of representatives first occupying its present hall in 1857, the senate its present quarters in 1859. The dome was constructed between 1856 and 1865. The cost of the building has exceeded $30,000,000. The dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter, contains 4,000 tons of iron, arranged to move during atmospheric changes like the unfolding of a lily.

The rotunda beneath is 96 feet in diameter and 180 feet high. The extreme length of the building is 751 feet; extreme breadth, 324. It covers 153,112 square feet of ground. The architecture is of the Corinthian order; the material of the central structures yellowish sandstone painted white; of the wings, white marble, tinged with blue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Recreations of Great Men.

The favorite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, "bragged more, spelled worse and painted better than any artist of his day." Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for 10 guineas."—Chambers' Journal.

Brignoli and His Age.

On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brignoli, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it 80 years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"—New York Tribune.

Do We Talk Money?

There is one feature about Americans that I never can reconcile myself to. It is that, go where you will, to a gentleman's house, his club or any other meeting place, I find that money is spoken of directly or indirectly. In all other civilized parts of the world money is "tabooed" as an article of civilized word diet. Is it really gentlemanly to make it a subject of conversation among the best people or have I fallen among the second or third class?—An Englishman in New York Sun.

All the Signs.

Winks—Who is that long haired genius with cotton in his ears?

Jinks—Um—a music teacher probably.—New York Weekly.

PARLIAMENTARY HUMORS.

Historical Incidents That Relieved the Tedium of Political Debate.

The house of commons now scruples to adjourn on account of Derby day, but in early times it indulged in a holiday upon occasions which modern readers must consider still more strangely inadequate. Horace Walpole mentions in his memoirs that in March, 1751, the house adjourned to attend at Drury Lane theater, where Othello was to be acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family.

Again in February, 1781, a bill introduced by Mr. Burke with reference to the civil list was read for the first time, but the second reading was deferred to that day fortnight, "because the 21st was to be a feast day and the 22d was the benefit of Mme. Vestris, the favorite French dancer at the opera."

Even when in session the house was much given to amuse itself with petty or frivolous incidents, as is shown by some singular entries preserved in the official records. Under date May, 1604, it is noted that a jackdaw flew in at the window. This was considered ominous, and apparently it proved a bad omen for the bill in debate, as the measure was soon afterward rejected. Again we are told by the veracious state chronicler that in May, 1614, "a dog came into the house, a strange spaniel, mouse colored."

About 170 years later it is recorded that another canine intruder entered the house, taking his seat before the speaker and all the government. Not content to remain a silent spectator, the dog joined in the proceedings by barking loudly. Lord North, then prime minister, was speaking and jocularly appealed to the speaker, saying, "Sir, I am interrupted by a new member."

The dog unabashed did not take the hint, but resumed his barking, whereupon the good humored premier kept up the joke, protesting that "the new member had no right to speak twice in the same debate." In much more recent times almost equally trifling episodes have been known to relieve mightily the tedium of political contention.—Chambers' Journal.

Eggs In the Nest of the Pelican.

I have been informed that the brown pelicans steal eggs from one another's nests in order to fill their complements, or at least take possession of those they find lying on the ground and roll them into their nests. Although this does not seem at all likely for various reasons, I cannot dispute it authoritatively, and, moreover, there were strong proofs that such was the case in many nests that I examined in Florida. These nests, which were near together, often contained four eggs, never more, one to three of which were ready to hatch, the others being fresh or nearly so.

And, again, there would be eggs in the same nest with young over a week old or young of ages quite 10 days' variation. But one point was ever observable, the young or eggs or both, never exceeded four in number, showing, even if the charge of abduction is proven, that the old birds know their limit.—Dr. Marion Gibbs in Science.

When Oysters Were Used For Fuel.

The "raising" of ore and the manufacture of iron therefrom was the leading industry of south Jersey during the early part of this century. Charcoal was the fuel used and coalings were common throughout the "Pines." An active coaling is now seldom seen. Shells were hauled by wagon or rowed and poled by scow from the seashore for a flux, the oyster then being of more value for that purpose than for food. Better oysters could be picked from those shell heaps than can be bought at the stands today.

In a memorandum kept by the "master ore raiser" for one of the largest furnaces there are many interesting notices of large quantities of clams and rum bought and sold, but the oyster is never mentioned. These account books were decorated with the pictures of soldiers and warships, showing well the prevailing thought of those days.—John Gifford in Popular Science Monthly.

Look to Your Necktie.

A well dressed man needs to give attention to three details of his dress—his hat, his necktie and his shoes. He ought to be particular about his gloves too. The necktie is the all important. A new philosopher of clothes insists that every work of art demands a point of rest—a pivotal spot from which all the rest of the composition derives its significance. That point of rest he locates in the necktie. It is poor economy, this philosopher claims, to wear anything but the best neckties, no matter how expensive these may be. If it is cheap and shabby the entire wardrobe takes on that aspect. If it is rich and carefully disposed, even if the other garments are mediocre, it gives the impression of care and richness. So look to your necktie, Horatio.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Materials For the Dinner.

The materials for dinner should be the best obtainable, the meat good and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed. After the meal, the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or, still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—not even moderately rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business or occupy his mind seriously in any way.—Boston Courier.

Making Over Old Electric Lamps.

It is said that a German firm in Munich is making a business of renewing the filament of incandescent lamps by a process which costs 25 per cent less than the operation of making new lamps. An opening is made in the glass globe at the upper end. The old filament is removed and a new one inserted, the latter being secured to the leading in wires by means of a new cement, which becomes a conductor when a current is passed through it. The lamp is sealed and exhausted as usual.—New York Telegram.

Fighting In the Transvaal.

A novel method of knocking out an enemy's brains is described by a gentleman who was camping some years ago in the Transvaal. Everything had been made snug for the night, and before turning in he was sitting with some of his companions about the fire. Soon an altercation sprang up between two of his attendants, a Mashoana and Makololo, who were standing not far off. The object of discussion was a piece of meat they were broiling.

One word led to another, writes the traveler, till both men became extremely angry, and although I did not understand they were doubtless using the choicest billingsgate that they could command. At length both rushed to the wagon. My servant whispered in my ear, "Assegai, boss!" so I sprang up to prevent them from obtaining these weapons, of which an abundant supply was fastened on the outside.

Frustrated in their attempt to arm themselves, they rushed upon each other. I would have interfered but that my countryman quietly said, "Let them fight it out, or you will have no peace." I let them do so.

Immediately they clasped each other and commenced butting their heads together like a pair of sheep. The blows were terrific and sounded almost as loud as a well executed clap of the hands. There was no attempt at boxing, only butting, and so effectually was it performed that blood began to flow from both of the antagonists' noses. After a lapse of five minutes employed in this kind of exciting work both sat down to recover breath in order to renew the encounter.

Then I interfered, and about half an hour later I saw the combatants sitting at the same fire and chatting to each other most cordially, as if the recent fight had no place even in their memories.

Odors as Motors.

It is reported that ammonia is to furnish the coming street car motor. Now, the chemists may not admit it, but it is evident enough to laymen that ammonia is just a smell. A big, strong smell, to be sure, and able to work, but still a smell. Is it not immensely clever to have harnessed so elusive a thing and make it go on wheels? It is nature's own way. When there is an ablebodied effluvium anywhere, it is a sure sign that she is busy with something and has provided energy which very likely needs supervision.

Nature is enormously effectual, but she will not work for man unless he makes her. She discriminates, but her point of view is not man's. She is a wonderful scavenger, but she is just as ready to carry off a live baby as a dead horse. Everybody knows her method of cleaning the streets. The more colossal the odor the harder she is at it. It is not our way, or ought not to be if it is. It is a glad thought that now that some one has found out how to put smells to work we may hope that presently the filth in city streets can just be geared to a proper apparatus and made to carry itself away.

Soon it may come to pass that the farmers will plow their land with the smell of the phosphates they use to fertilize it, and the musk that the girl wears on her handkerchief at the theater will be taught to hold her hat instead of being, as now, a mere idle vanity and an offense to her neighbor.—Harper's Weekly.

How Billiards Were Invented.

The English are very fond of the curious game of billiards, and a letter has been discovered in the British museum which gives the origin of the national sport. It was invented by a London pawnbroker, whose name was William Kew. Kew not only lent money, but he sold cloth, and for the latter purpose had a yard measure, with which he used to compute the amounts. One day to distract himself he took the three round balls which are the emblems of his trade—they may still be seen in front of certain shops in London—and placing them on his counter began to hit them about with the yard measure.

He found it made a pretty game. He got a kind of skill in making one ball glance off the other, and his friends who saw him thus employed called the game Bill's yard. It was soon shortened into billiards. But the yardstick was the instrument with which the balls were knocked about, and difficulty arose as to what to call it. They called it after the name of the pawnbroker—a Kew.—Paris Figaro.

Asleep While Standing.

On one of the rainy days recently an unfortunate tramp received a great deal of attention from the passersby along Park row. He was a complete and unique specimen of his kind. He was standing against a building fast asleep. The drizzle that was falling blew into his face, and he was growing wet and presumably cold, but there he stood straight up, sound asleep, with his back against the stone wall. His head would droop, and those watching him thought he would fall down, or that his head would be jerked from his shoulders, but when his head almost touched his left shoulder he would straighten up slowly in his sleep and keep it in position for a few minutes. Finally so many small boys gathered around him that the murmur of their voices awakened him, and with a look of disgust at those who had disturbed his slumbers he slowly meandered to some Bowery lodging house to finish his nap.—New York Times.

Rather Too Much of a Good Thing.

When J. Whitcomb Riley walked brusquely into a Baltimore hotel the other night and asked for a room, the clerk called up "Front" with a marked case of strabismus and told him to show the gentleman to 13.

"Not me," announced the Hoosier poet. "Not me. You can't shoot double barreled ill luck at me in that style. I'll have no cross eyed boy showing me to room 13. I'm not superstitious, but just give me a room with a different number and furnish a pilot with parallel eyes," and he had his way.—Detroit Free Press.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 183 E. Madison-st. at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; Wm. McNamara, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 3rd Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Seda, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Laby, Rec Sec, Wm Heda, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted-sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3443 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eizeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M B Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 13—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Flanegan, Treas. Meet 2d Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 830 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh s; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in B shop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 25—P Moloney, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 30—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill.; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hatteth, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3736 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Seey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 23 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 238 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 238 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 634 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 6 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 324 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEnenny, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lessard, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 389 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st. Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 451 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice O Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

A Pathetic Bankrupt.

There are few things in real life more pathetic than the speech of Mr. Munro, who three years ago was worth $500,000, and was prime minister of Victoria. At a temperance meeting in Melbourne he is reported to have said: "I came to Melbourne over 30 years ago with hardly a penny in my pocket. I worked hard as a workingman, and received every honor which a free state could confer on any of its citizens, until at last I had the highest position in the land. Now I stand before you, 61 years of age, without a shilling in my pocket. For the first time in my life, through liabilities which I undertook, never expecting to be called upon to meet them, I am unable to pay 20 shillings in the pound."—St. James Gazette.

Miss Selina Harris of Frankfort, Ky., has been asked to sit for a picture of Esther, one of the characters in "Ben Hur." General Lew Wallace met the young lady in Crawfordsville, Ind., and was very much impressed with her good looks.

* * *

Congressman Outhwaite of Ohio said after an interview with the president that in his opinion congress would be in continuous session from September until the following June.

Mattie Todd, a niece of President Lincoln's wife, has been for years the postmaster at Cynthiana, Ky., having been first appointed to the position by President Hayes.

William Wiants Thomas, custom house broker, died in New York. He was appraiser at the port of New York in 1860. He was the only surviving delegate of New York to the national convention that nominated William H. Harrison in 1840.

Two Hebrew young ladies, Miss Adele Ellis and Miss Flora Rosenhain, have passed the final examination for the B. A. degree of the University of Melbourne.

Miss Helen Bradlee of Boston has given $50,000 to add to the comfort of the woman patients at the McLean asylum in that city.

* * *

W. T. Severs, a prominent farmer of Wichita, Kan., who had been missing, was found dead on an island in the Arkansas river. He had taken morphine and left a letter for his wife, telling her of his deed.

In fourteen districts of Greene county, Ia., schools are closed because no teachers can be found to take charge of them. Low salaries have driven the available teachers into other work.

Effingham, Ills., has decided to buy its own electric plant and will issue $16,000 5 per cent. bonds for that purpose.

George Swope, a negro, was shot while attempting to burglarize a pawn shop at Parsons, Kan., and will probably die.

An 8-year-old son of C. N. Bennett, a member of the Christian Science sect of Beatrice, Neb., died of some simple ailment. This is the second child Bennett has lost by failing to give proper medicine.

Mrs. Nancy Sanders has brought suit for $5,000 against the saloon keepers of Beatrice, Neb., for selling liquor to her husband. He fell from a train and killed himself April 14 while intoxicated, and the saloon keepers are thus incidentally charged with causing his death.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.85. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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Ladies' Reefer Jackets, navy blue, lined throughout with black satin, 50 of them, worth $15.00 each.

For $12.00.

Black Capes, made of English Clay Worsted, the upper Butterfly Capes made of silk or cloth, 75 of them, worth $18.00 each.

For $2.75.

Velvet Boleros, black and colors, handsomely embroidered, 100 of them, worth $5.00 each.

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Pyle's Pearline, per package	3 cents
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3-lb boxes Calumet Lump Starch for	8 cents
Roll Chicory, 5 rolls to the lb, for	4½ cents
Round Head Clothes Pins, 720 in box, for	29 cents
Large size Candy Jars, each	5 cents
Favorite Brand Condensed Milk, per can	10 cents
2-lb cans Table Blackberries	5 cents
Floor Paint, drab, deep yellow, light and deep red, per gallon can	50 cents
3½-inch Flat Paint Brushes, all bristle	19 cents
Garden Seeds, per dozen packages	5 cents
Best Steel Garden Hoes, each	19 cents

TUBS AND PAILS.

2-Hoop Painted Wash Tubs, each	15 cents
Large Painted Water Pails, each	7 cents
Painted Keelers	10 cents
Racine Splint Market Baskets	19 cents
Large Racine Splint Clothes Baskets	35 cents

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25-lb Bags, each	59 cts
50-lb Bags, each	$1.19
98-lb Bags, each	$2.35
Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl	$3.39
Best Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl	$3.49

Kimball's Satin Straight-Cut Cigarettes, per thousand	$3.00
Old Stock Cheroots, 100 in box, for	65 cts
Gun Club Cigars, 25 in box	45 cts
Key West Beauties Cigars, 50 in box	75 cts
La Flora de Cuba Cigars, 50 in box	59 cts
Navy, Sweet Tip Top and Plow Boy Tobacco, per lb	29 cts
2-oz bottles True Vanilla Extract	4 cts
Dried California Peaches, per lb	8 cts
3-lb cans Cal. Green Gages	Per can 12½ cts
3-lb cans Cal. Egg Plums	
3-lb cans Cal. Muscat Grapes	
3-lb cans California Peaches, in heavy sugar sirup, per can	15 cts
3lb cans California Pears, in heavy sugar sirup, per can	15 cts
New Layer Figs, per lb	10 cts
Large Cal. Silver Prunes, per lb	15 cts
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	35 cts
Gallon cans Pie Pumpkin	19 cts

SOAP—	Per box.	Per bar.
Kirk's Standard Family, 75 bars in box	$2.25	3 cts
Eagle Standard, 60 bars, 60 lbs in box	$2.49	4½ cts
Best Family is the best, 60 bars, 60 lbs in box	$3.15	5½ cts
Werk's German Mottled, 60 bars, 60 lbs in box	$3.30	5½ cts
Fairbank's German Mottled, 72 bars, 60 lbs	$2.88	4 cts
25c bottles Metaline, for polishing, per box		2 cts
"T. M." French Shoe Blacking, per box		6 cts
Oyster Bay Asparagus, 3-lb cans		15 cts
27-oz bottles Spanish Queen Olives		19 cts
French Capers, per bottle		9 cts
New run Maple Sugar, per lb		10 cts
Pint bottle Special Tomato Catsup		6 cts
Imported Vermicelli, 1-lb packages		8 cts
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1893. The Depositors' National Bank of the Union Stock Yards, a corporation, &c., vs. John H. Bani, Margaret Bani, Anton Wollweber, Patrick A. Turner, Julia Turner and the International Building, Loan and Investment Union of Chicago, Margaret Bani, widow, and the unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased. In Chancery. No. 108,616.

Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint, amended bill of complaint and its supplemental bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

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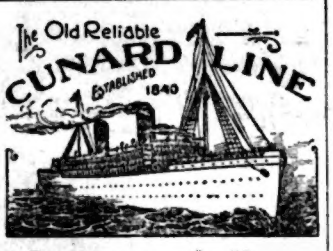

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